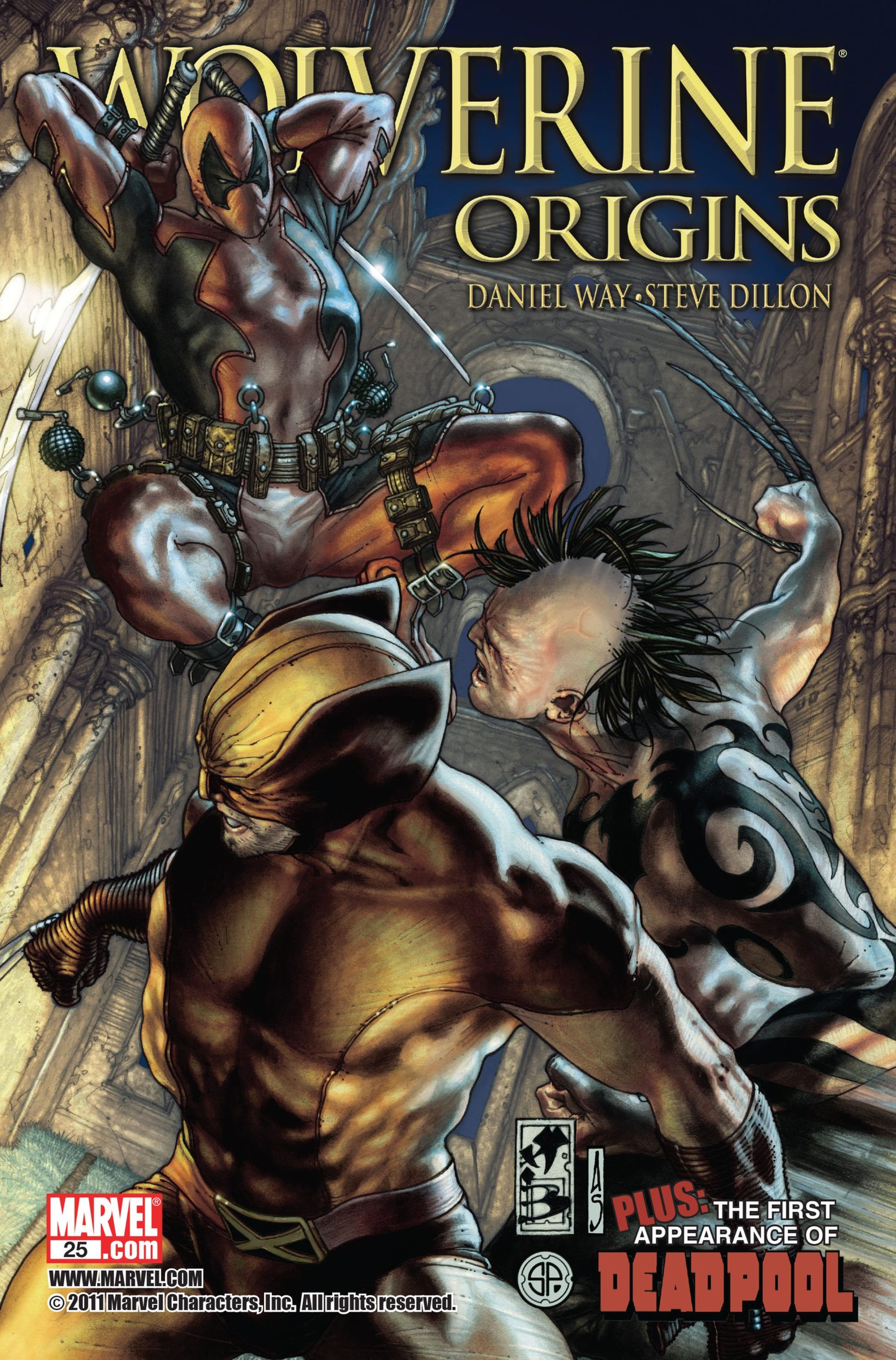
WOLVERINE®
ORIGINS

DANIEL WAY•STEVE DILLON



MARVEL®
25 .com

PLUS: THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF DEADPOOL

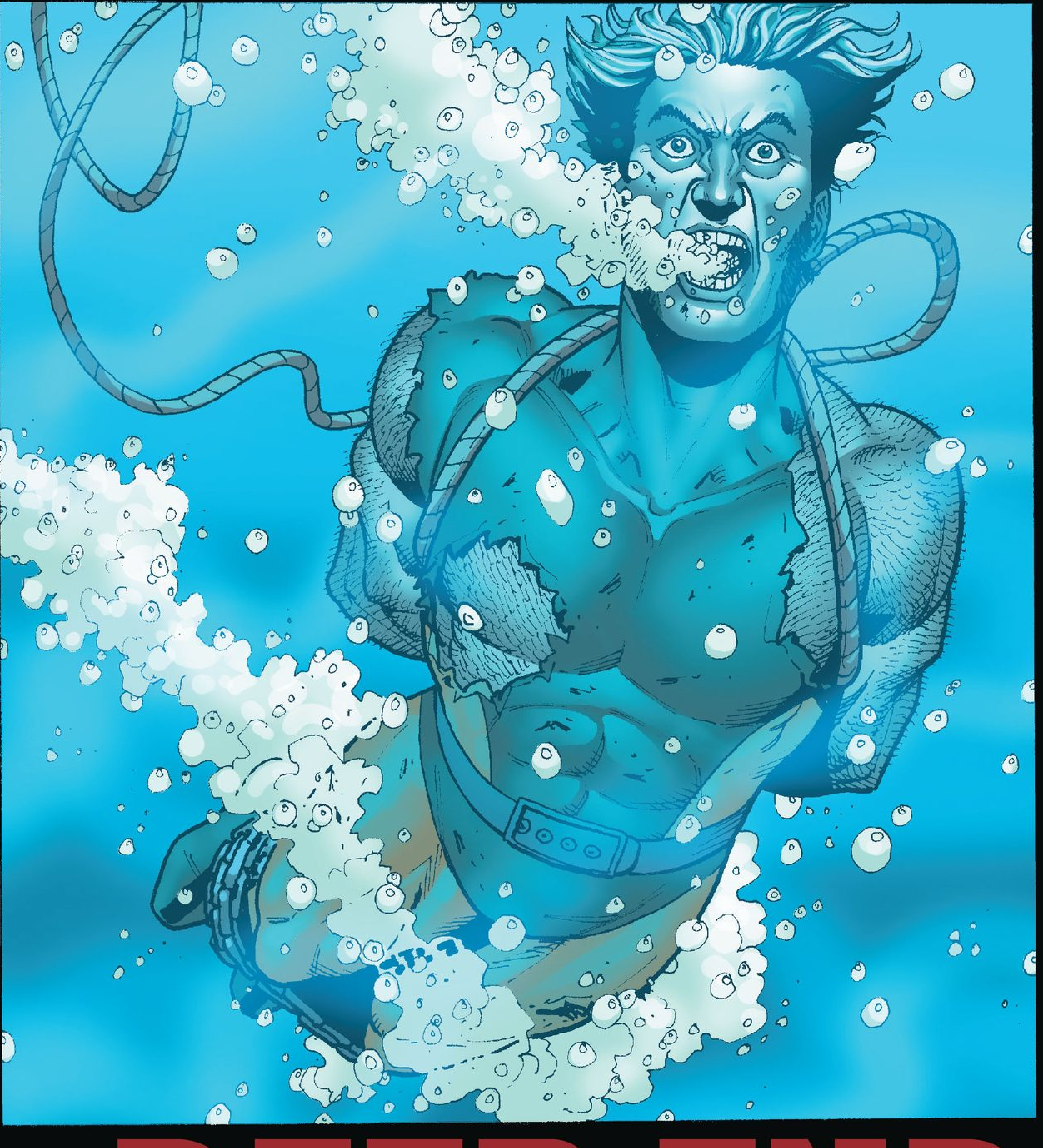
WWW.MARVEL.COM

© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved.

WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

The mutant Wolverine has spent a century fighting those who would manipulate him for his unique powers—savage claws, heightened senses, and a healing factor capable of miracles. After repeated brainwashing, torture, and reprogramming, Wolverine's past was as much a mystery to him as to anyone. With those long-lost memories finally returned to him, Wolverine has set out on a mission to punish the conspirators who have wronged him.

Recently, a shadowy figure hired Deadpool to hunt down and take out Wolverine. The Merc with a Mouth attacked Logan and the two have been going at it across San Francisco. Though closely matched, Deadpool eventually gained the upper hand, tying Wolverine up, and weighing him down, suspended over a tank of water. Before Deadpool could drop him in, however, Wolverine's crazed son Daken arrived, chopped off one of Deadpool's hands and did the deed himself.

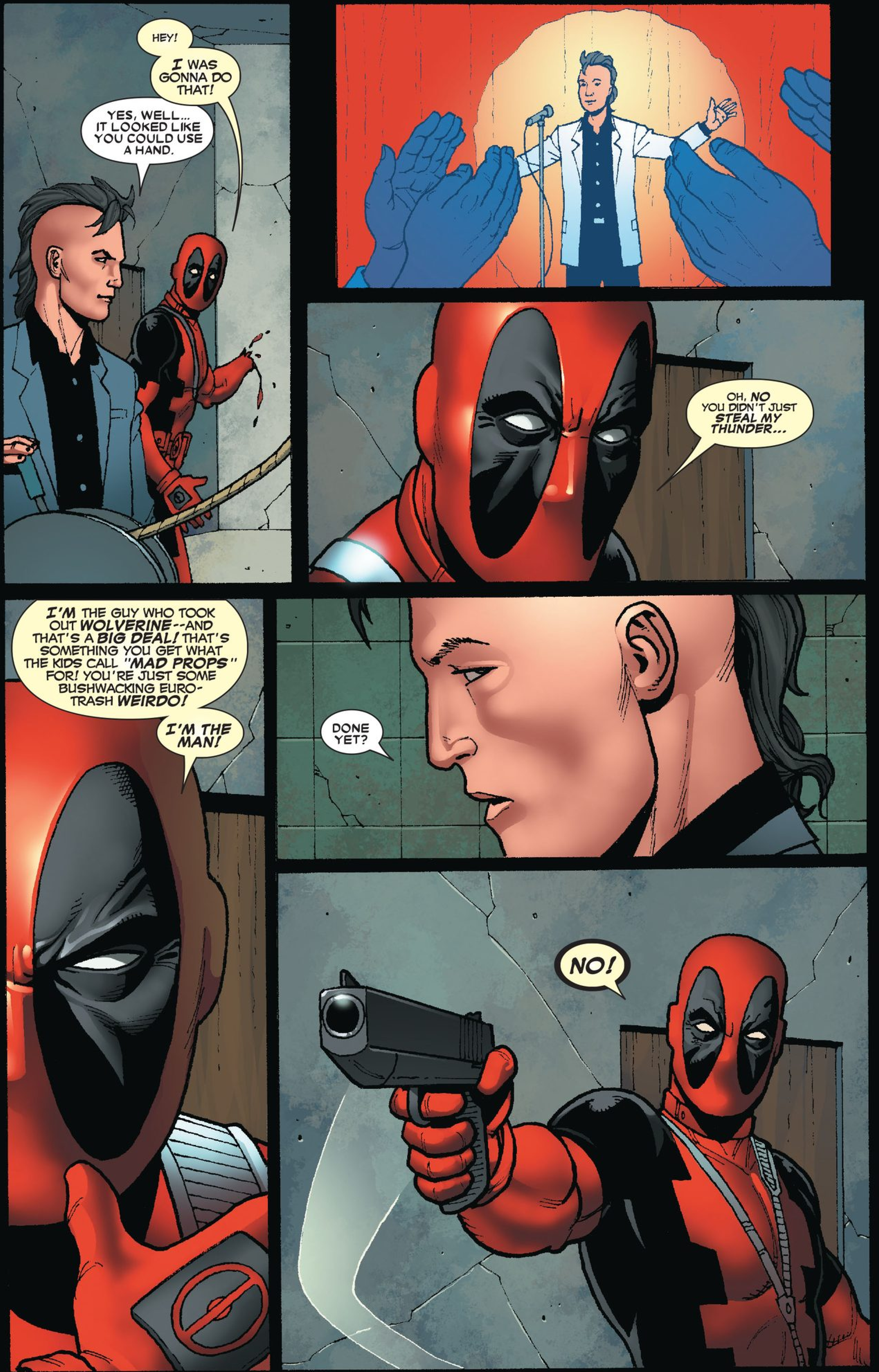


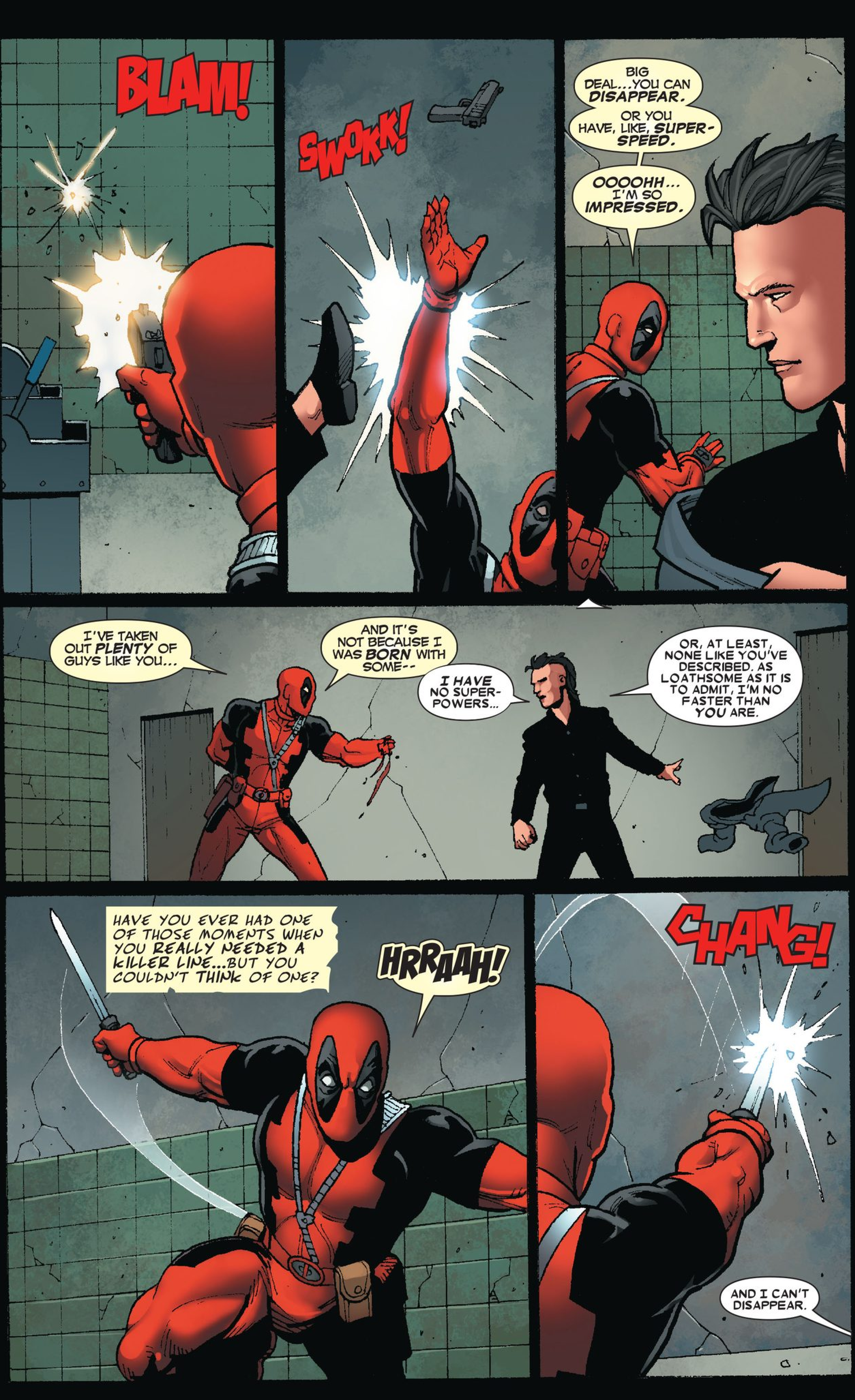
The DEEP END

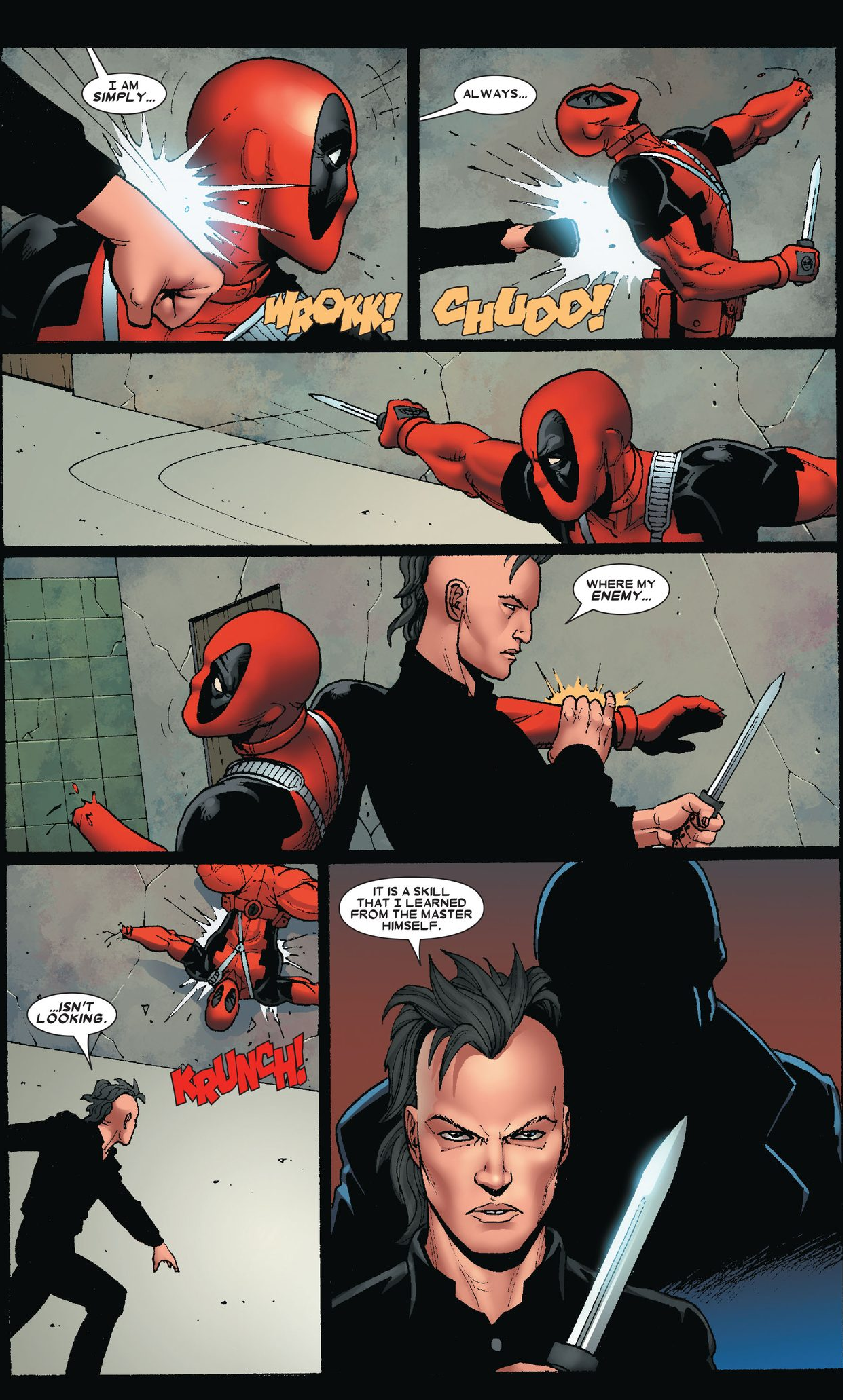
CONCLUSION

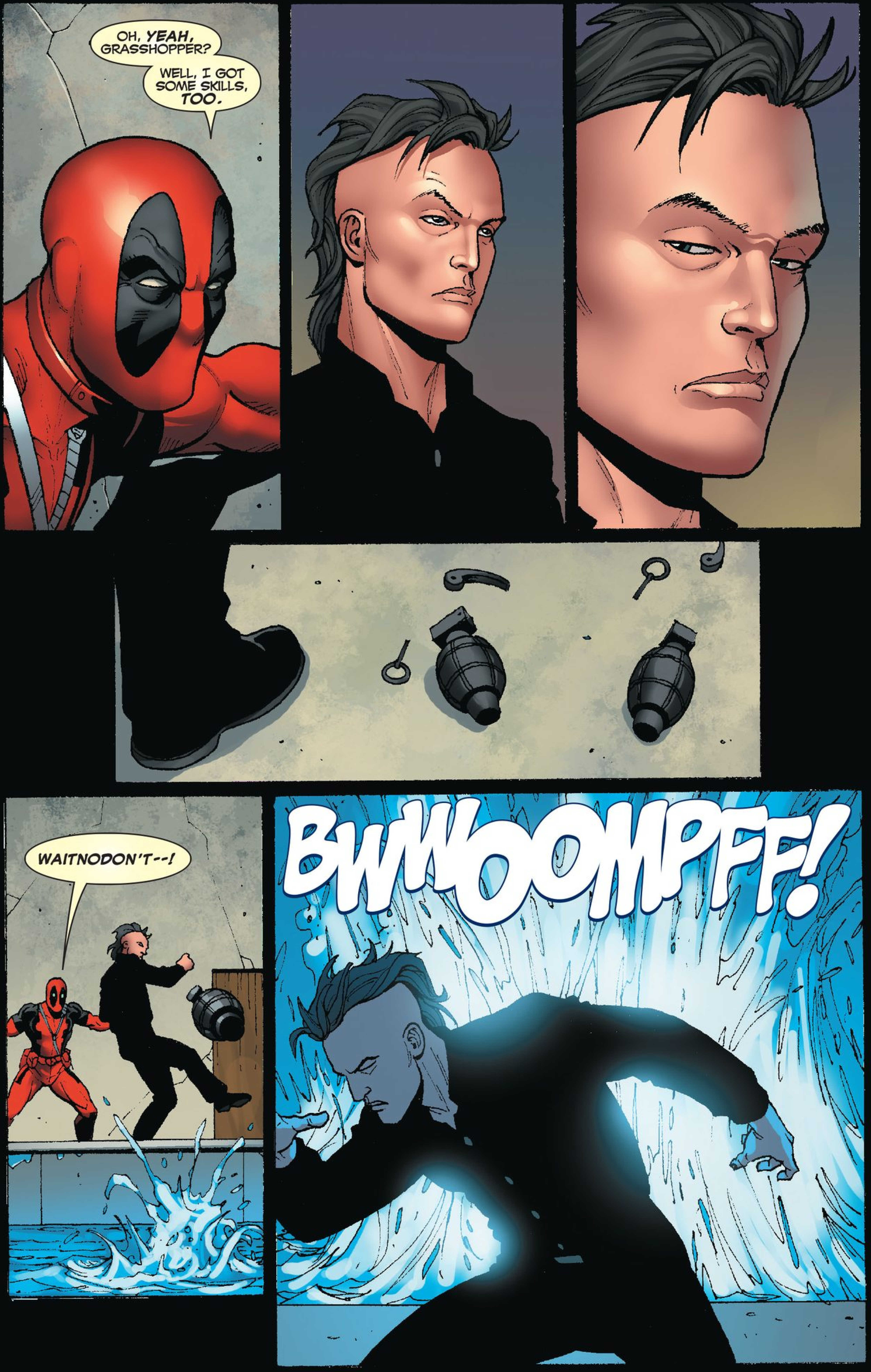
DANIEL WAY WRITER
STEVE DILLON ARTIST
AVALON'S MATT MILLA COLORIST
VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERER
SIMONE BIANCHI COVER ART
SIMONE PERUZZI COVER COLOR
AUBREY SITTERSON ASST. EDITOR
JOHN BARBER EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO GROUP EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

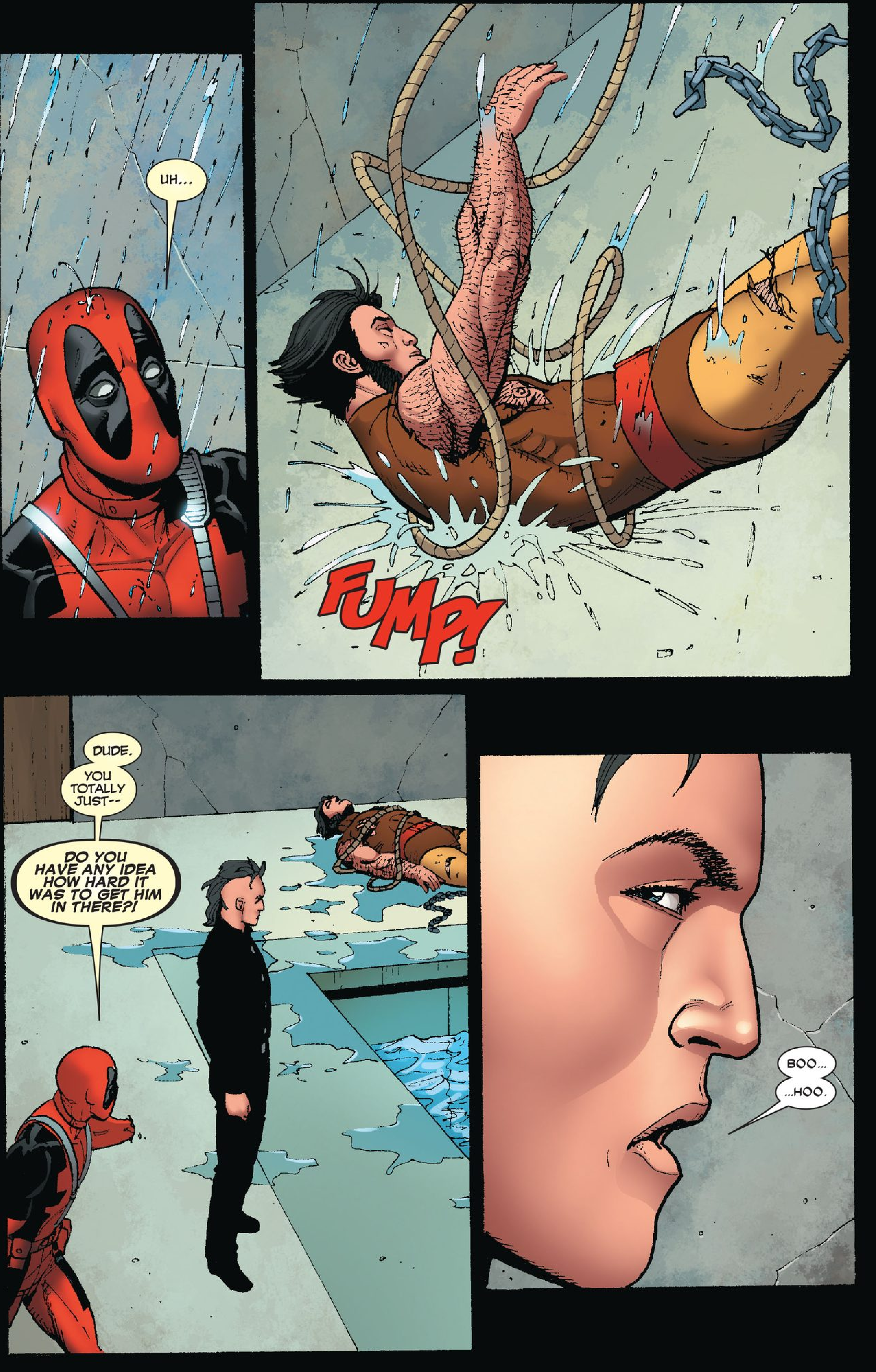
© 2011 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

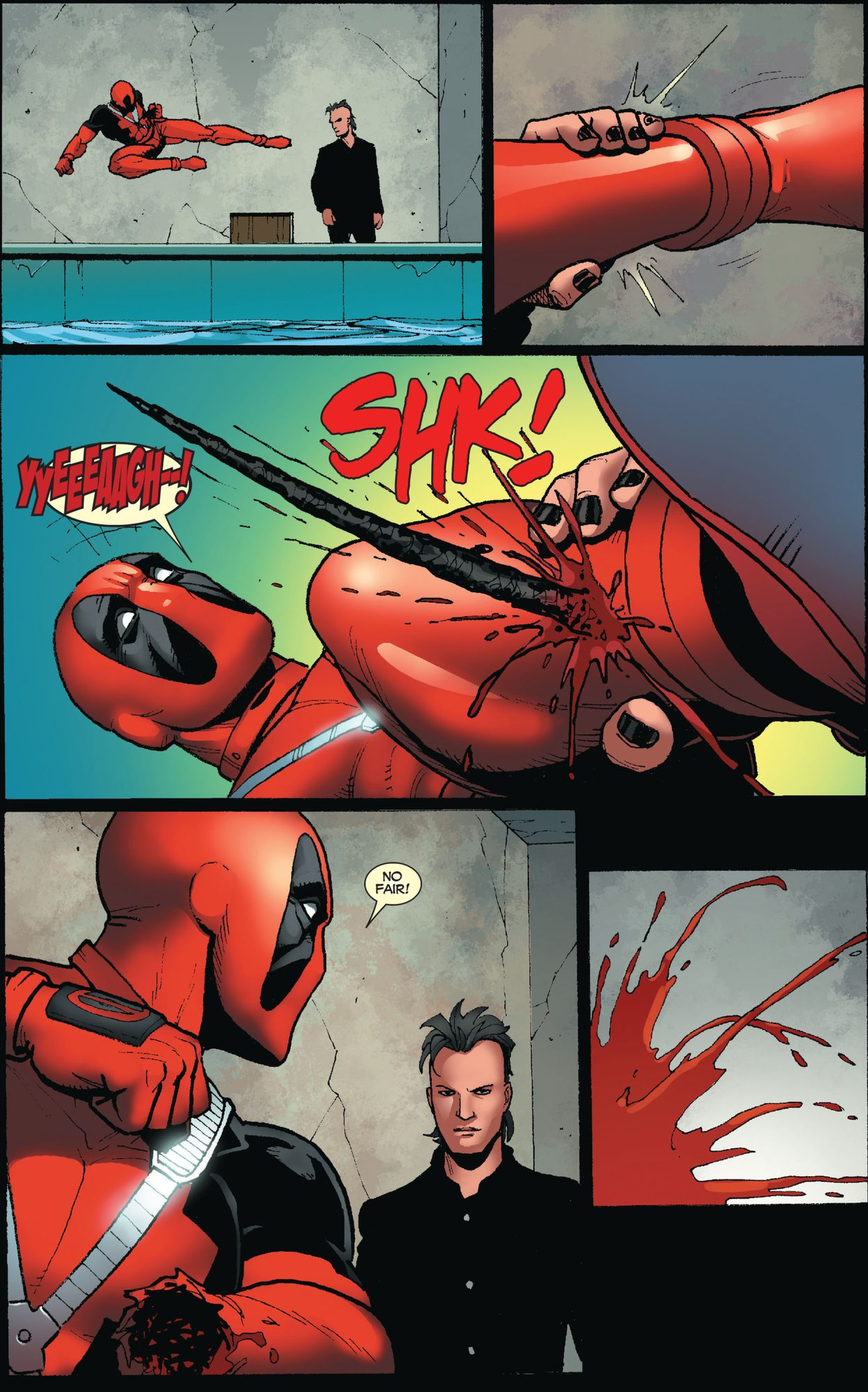

HEY!
I WAS GONNA DO THAT!
YES, WELL... IT LOOKED LIKE YOU COULD USE A HAND.
OH, NO YOU DIDN'T JUST STEAL MY THUNDER...
I'M THE GUY WHO TOOK OUT WOLVERINE--AND THAT'S A BIG DEAL! THAT'S SOMETHING YOU GET WHAT THE KIDS CALL "MAD PROPS" FOR! YOU'RE JUST SOME BUSHWACKING EURO-TRASH WEIRDO!
I'M THE MAN!
DONE YET?
NO!

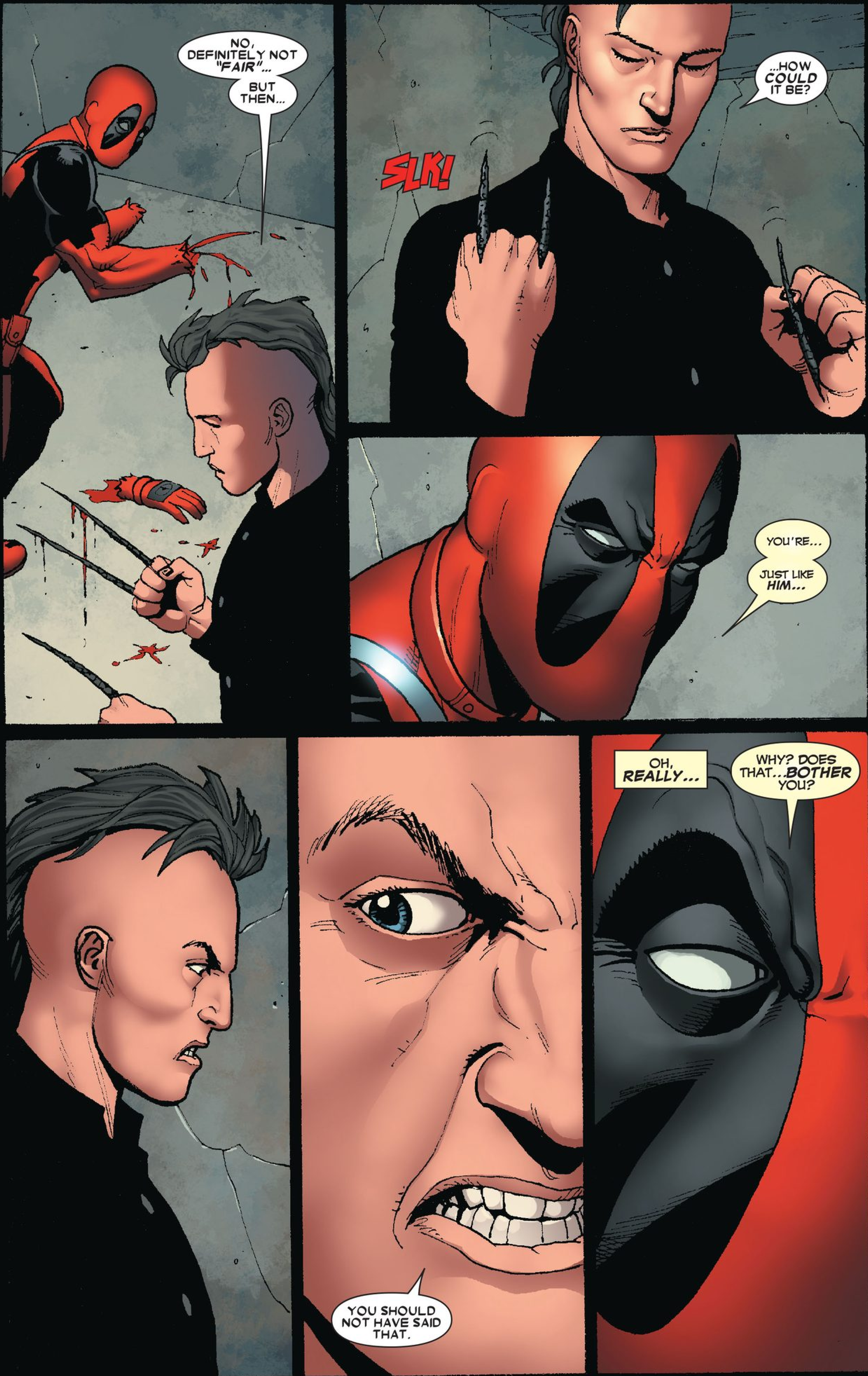

BLAM!
SWOKK!
BIG DEAL...YOU CAN DISAPPEAR.
OR YOU HAVE, LIKE, SUPER-SPEED.
OOOOHH... I'M SO IMPRESSED.
I'VE TAKEN OUT PLENTY OF GUYS LIKE YOU...
AND IT'S NOT BECAUSE I WAS BORN WITH SOME--
I HAVE NO SUPER-POWERS...
OR, AT LEAST, NONE LIKE YOU'VE DESCRIBED. AS LOATHSOME AS IT IS TO ADMIT, I'M NO FASTER THAN YOU ARE.
HAVE YOU EVER HAD ONE OF THOSE MOMENTS WHEN YOU REALLY NEEDED A KILLER LINE...BUT YOU COULDN'T THINK OF ONE?
HRRAAH!
CHANG!
AND I CAN'T DISAPPEAR.

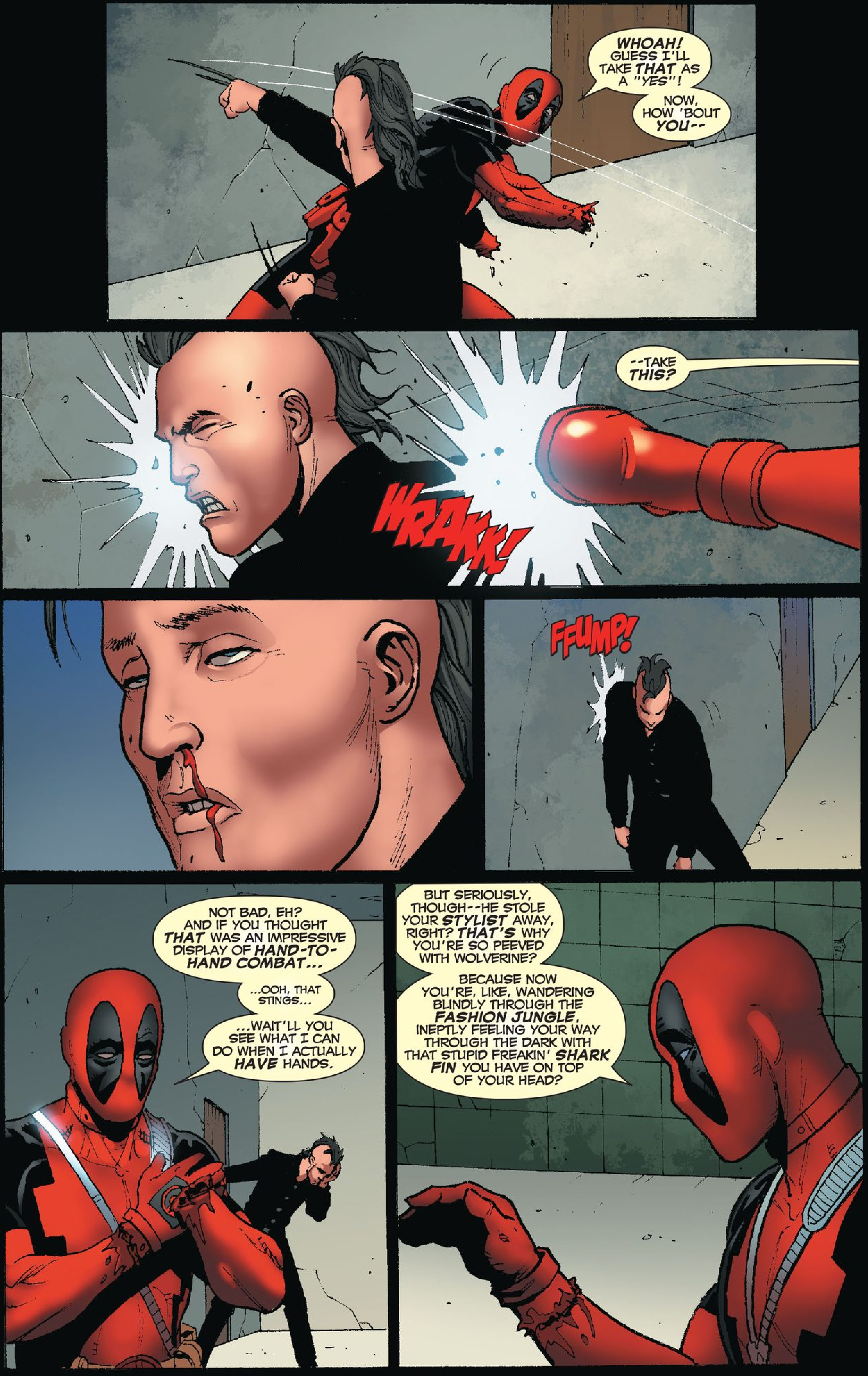

I AM SIMPLY...
WROKK!
ALWAYS...
CHUDD!
WHERE MY ENEMY...
...ISN'T LOOKING.
KRUNCH!
IT IS A SKILL THAT I LEARNED FROM THE MASTER HIMSELF.

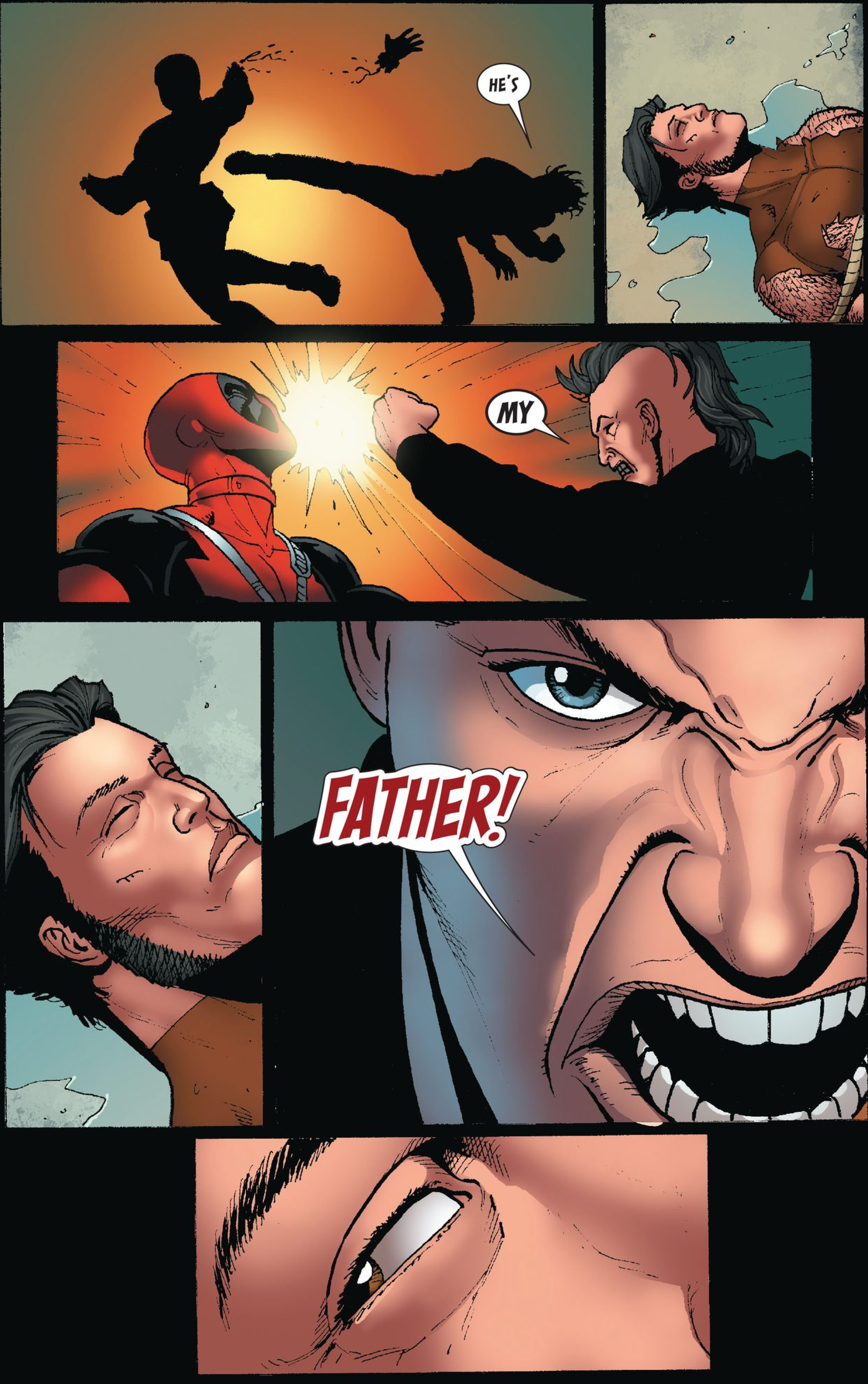

OH, YEAH, GRASSHOPPER?
WELL, I GOT SOME SKILLS, TOO.
WAITNODON'T--!
BWWOOMPFF!

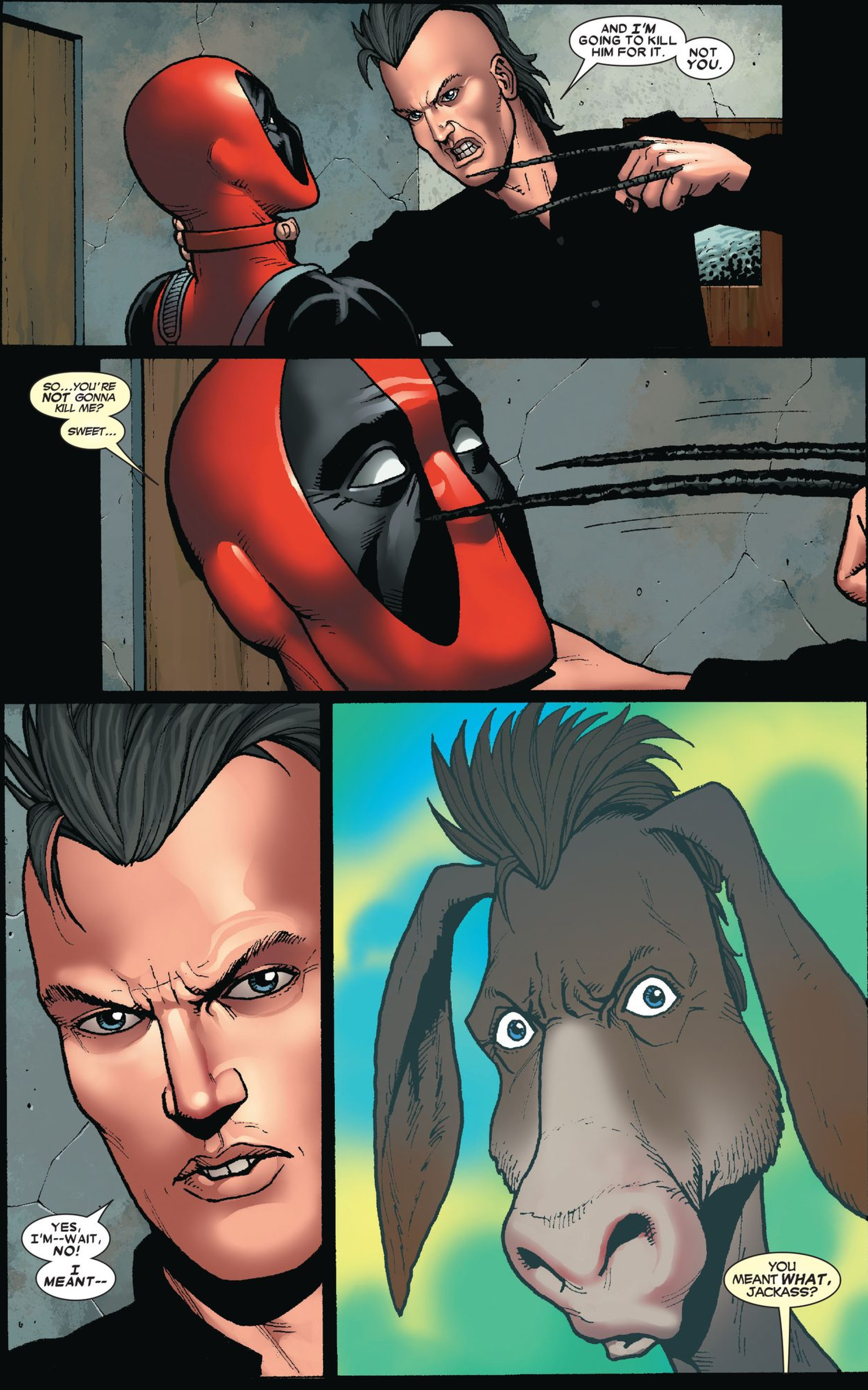

UH...
FUMP!
DUDE.
YOU TOTALLY JUST--
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW HARD IT WAS TO GET HIM IN THERE?!
BOO...
...HOO.

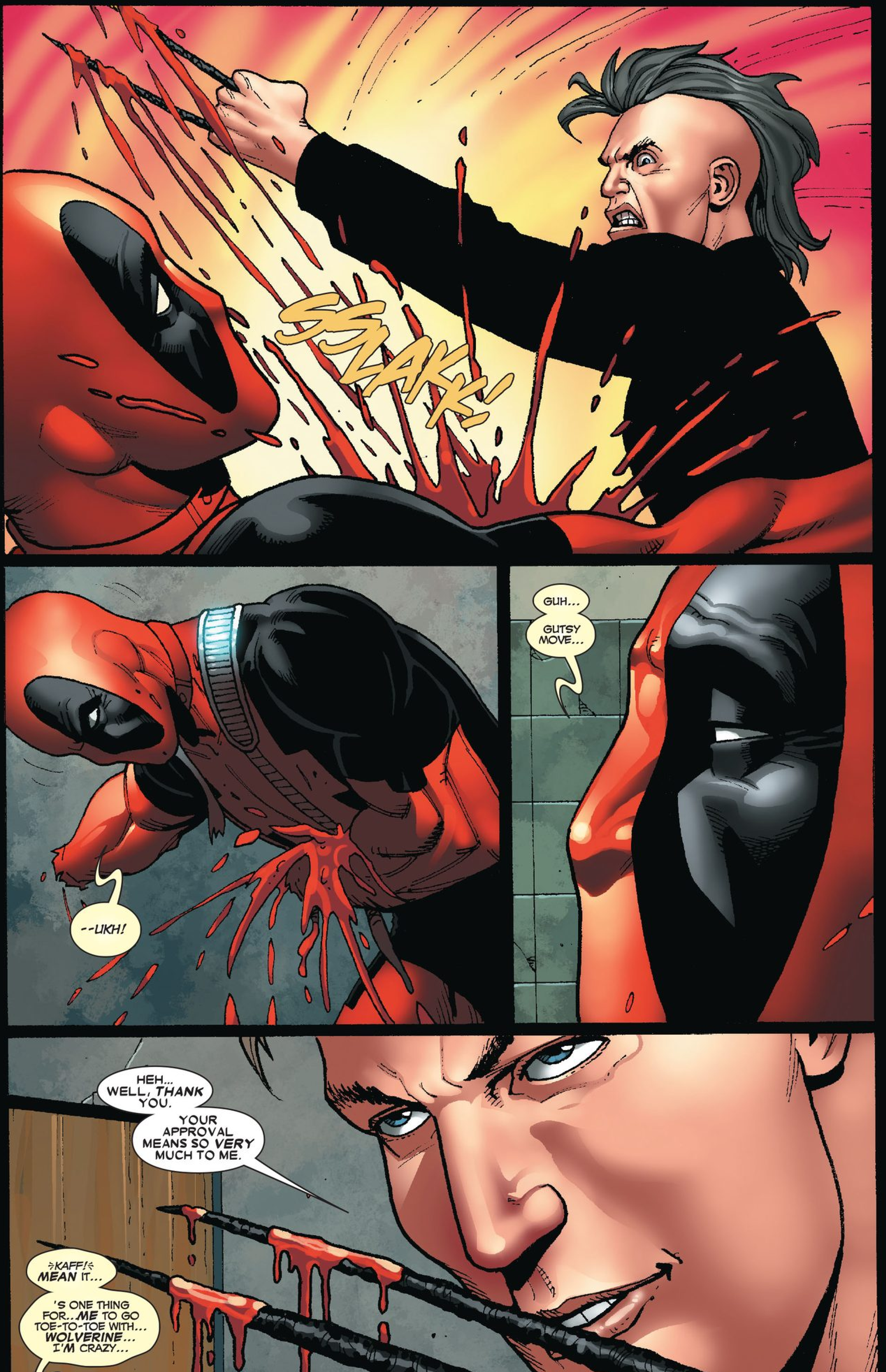

YYEEEAAGH--!
SHK!
NO FAIR!

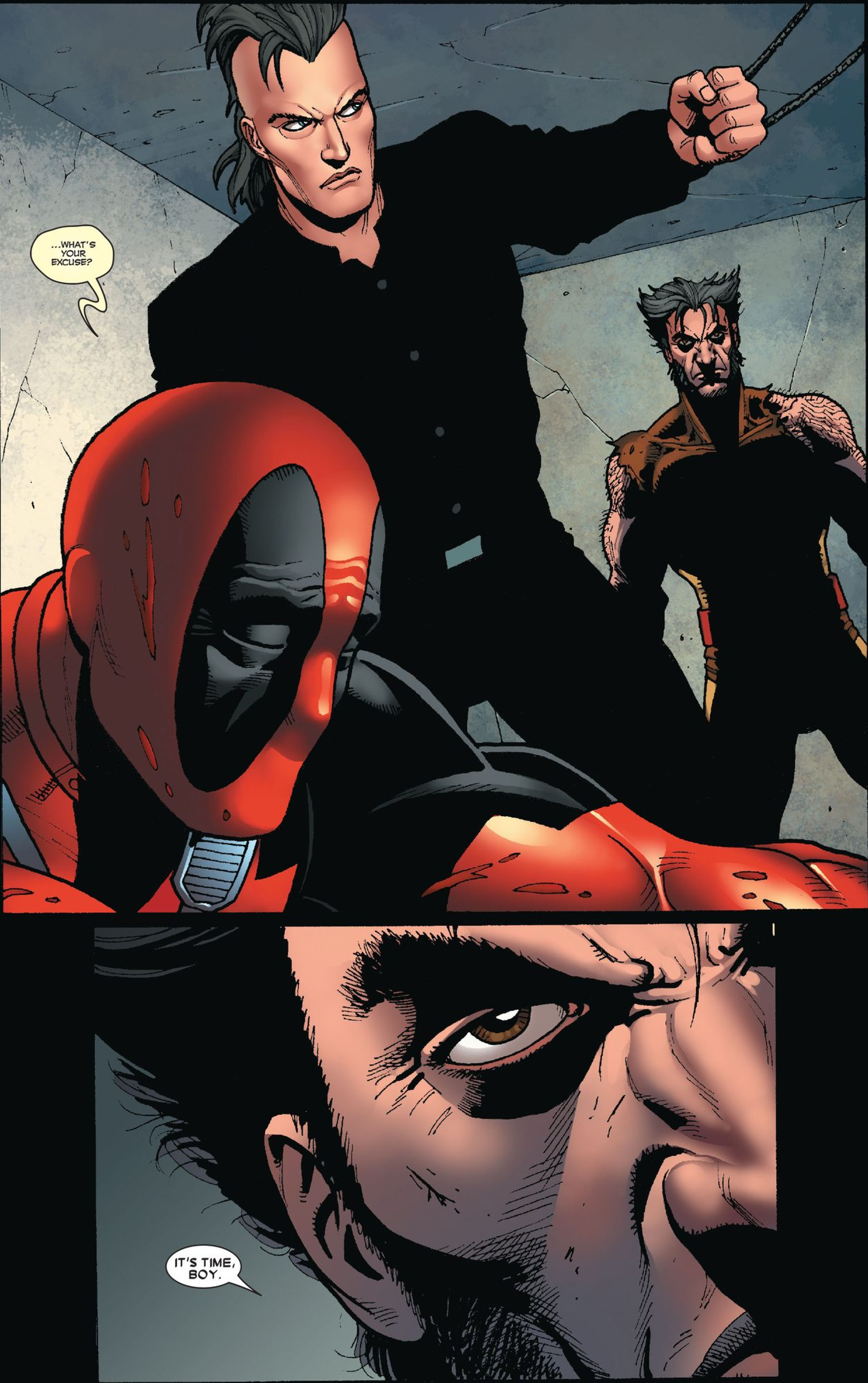

NO, DEFINITELY NOT "FAIR"...
BUT THEN...
...HOW COULD IT BE?
SLK!
YOU'RE...
JUST LIKE HIM...
YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE SAID THAT.
OH, REALLY...
WHY? DOES THAT...BOTHER YOU?

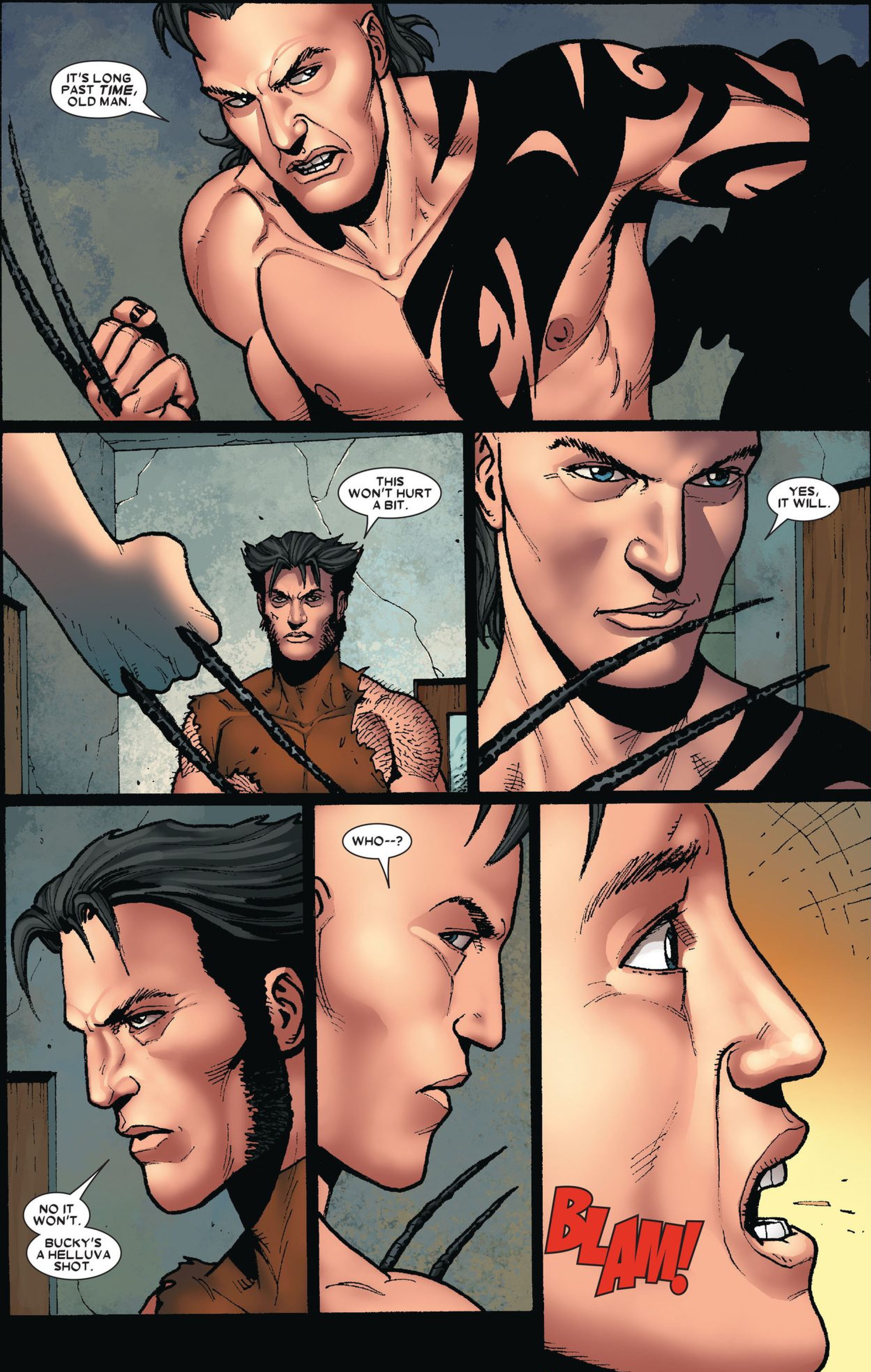

WHOAH! GUESS I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "YES"! NOW, HOW 'BOUT YOU--
--TAKE THIS?
WRAKK!
FFUMP!
NOT BAD, EH? AND IF YOU THOUGHT THAT WAS AN IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT...
...OOH, THAT STINGS...
...WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT I CAN DO WHEN I ACTUALLY HAVE HANDS.
BUT SERIOUSLY, THOUGH--HE STOLE YOUR STYLIST AWAY, RIGHT? THAT'S WHY YOU'RE SO PEEVED WITH WOLVERINE?
BECAUSE NOW YOU'RE, LIKE, WANDERING BLINDLY THROUGH THE FASHION JUNGLE, INEPTLY FEELING YOUR WAY THROUGH THE DARK WITH THAT STUPID FREAKIN' SHARK FIN YOU HAVE ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD?

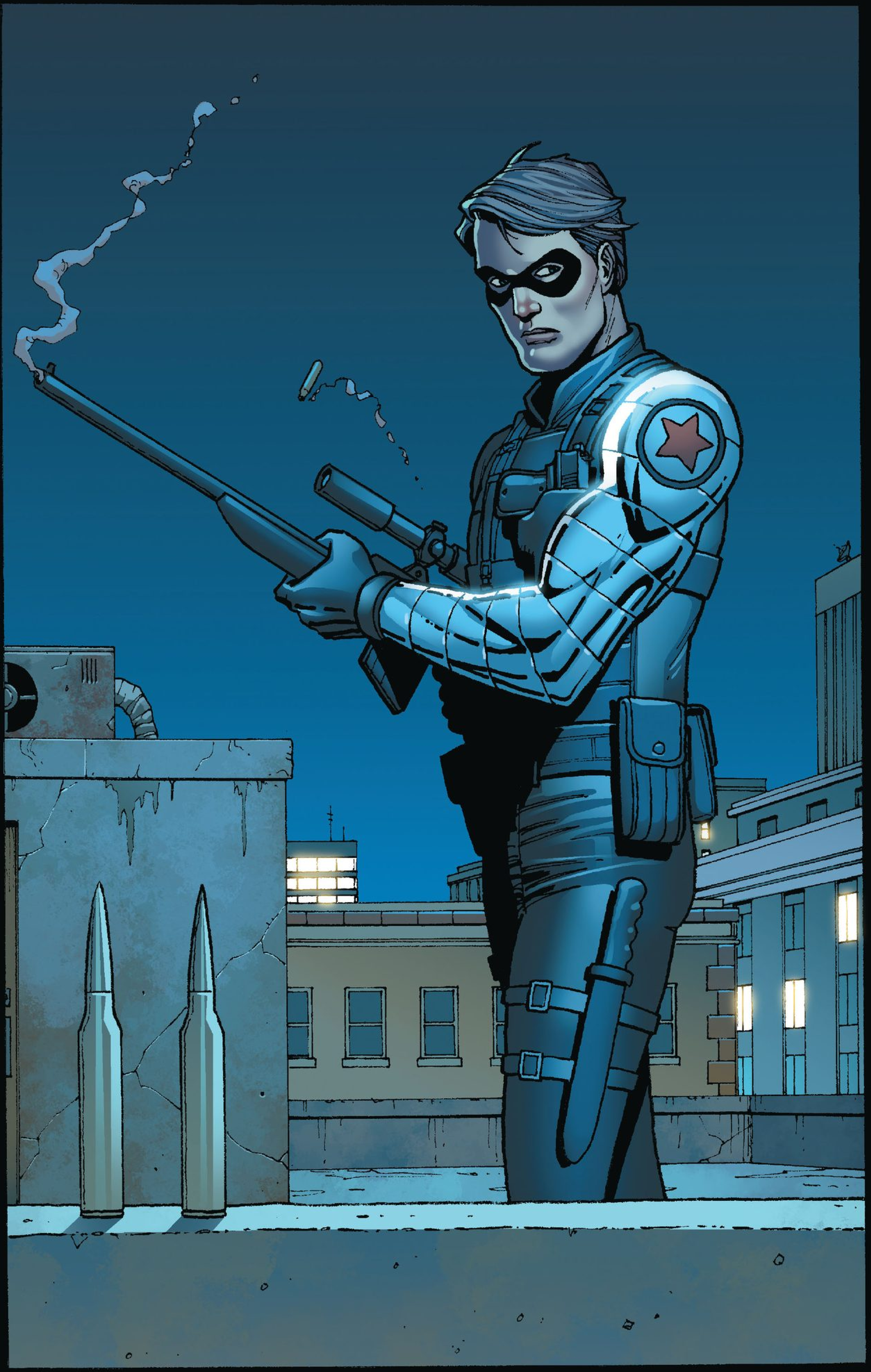

HE'S
MY
FATHER!

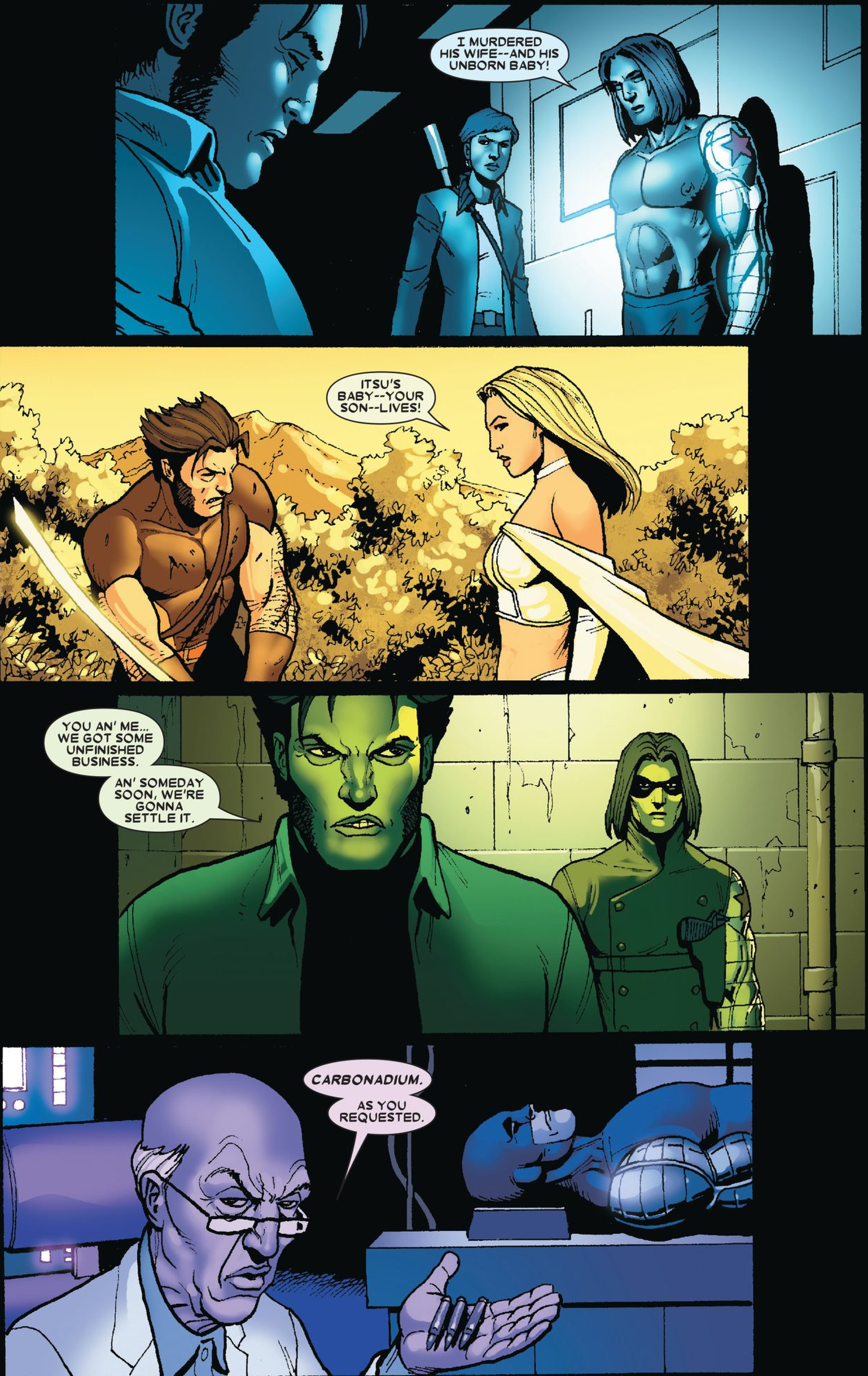

AND I'M GOING TO KILL HIM FOR IT. NOT YOU.
SO...YOU'RE NOT GONNA KILL ME? SWEET...
YES, I'M--WAIT, NO! I MEANT--
YOU MEANT WHAT, JACKASS?

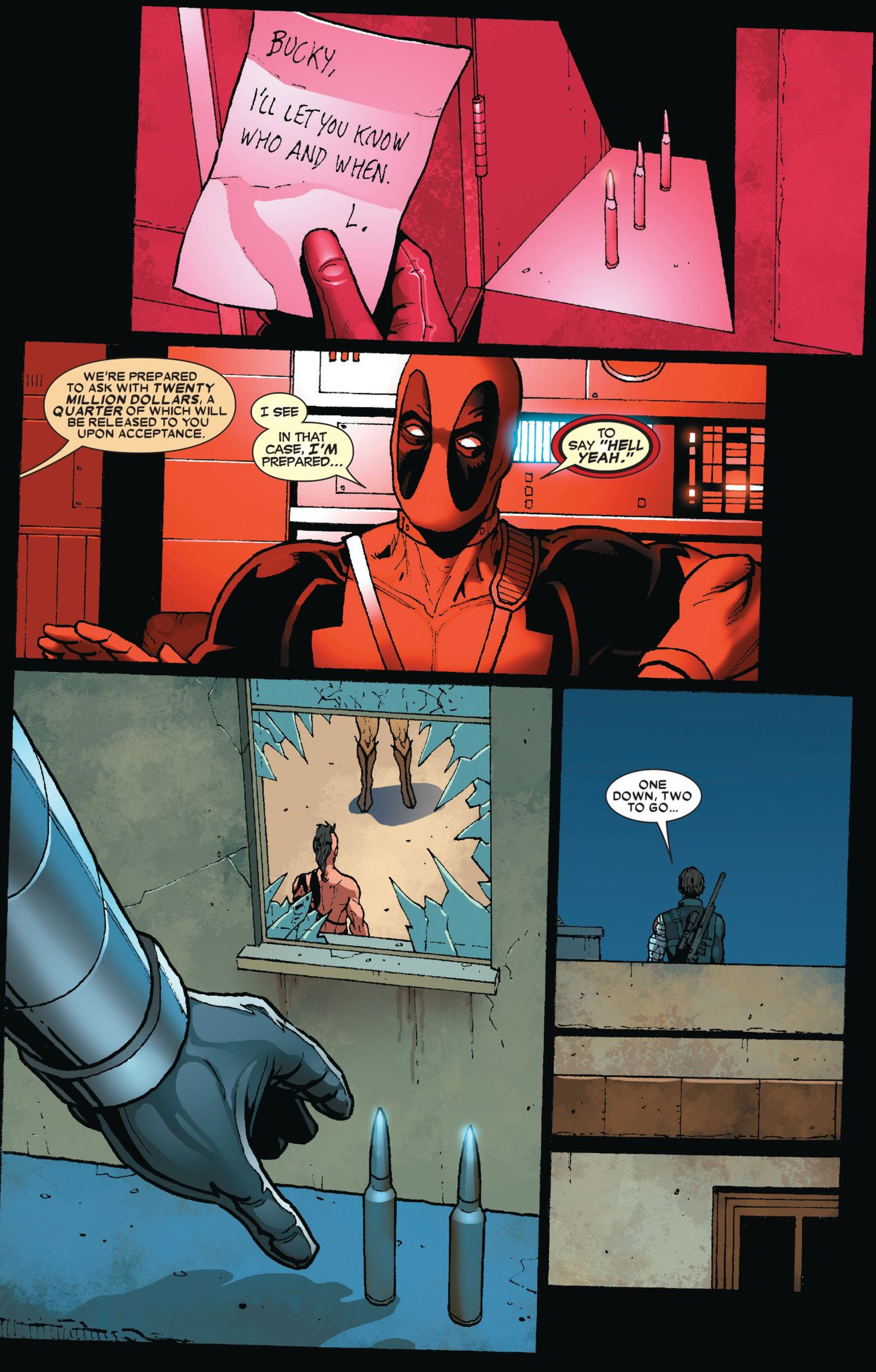

SSNAKK!
--UKH!
GUH... GUTSY MOVE...
HEH... WELL, THANK YOU.
YOUR APPROVAL MEANS SO VERY MUCH TO ME.
≈KAFF!≈ MEAN IT...
'S ONE THING FOR.. ME TO GO TOE-TO-TOE WITH... WOLVERINE... I'M CRAZY...

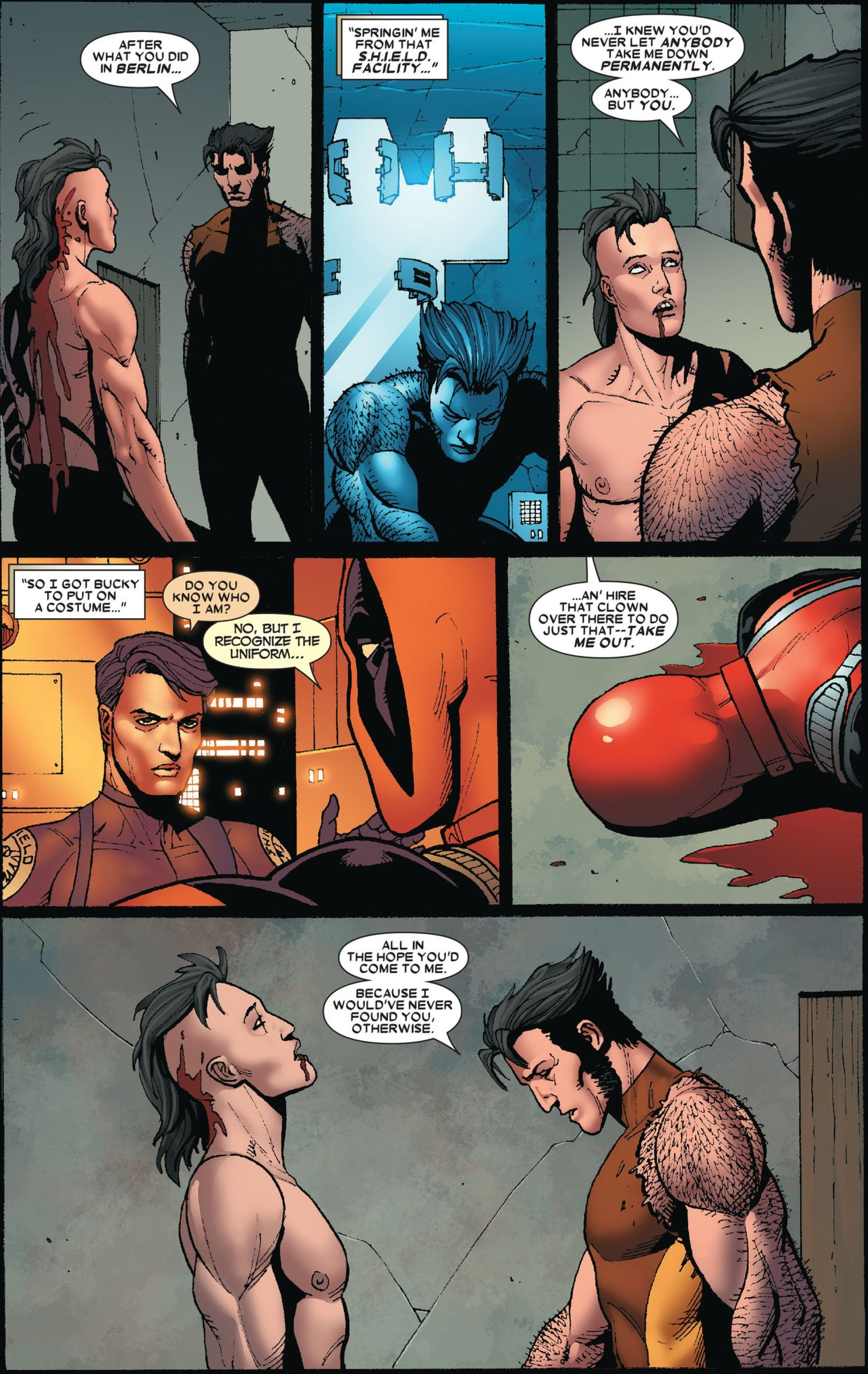

...WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?
IT'S TIME, BOY.

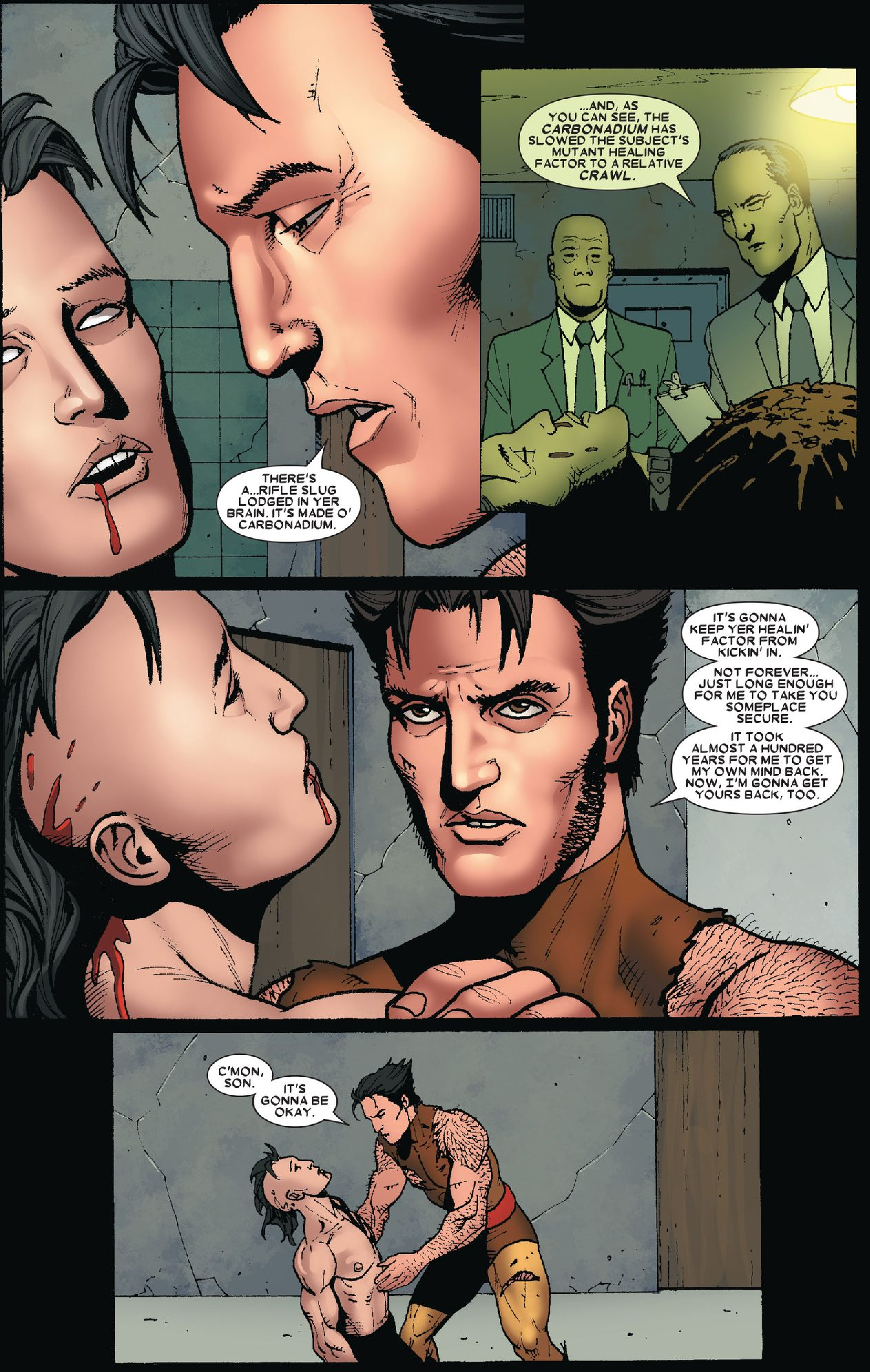

IT'S LONG PAST *TIME*, OLD MAN.
THIS WON'T HURT A BIT.
YES, IT WILL.
NO IT WON'T.
BUCKY'S A HELLUVA SHOT.
WHO--?
BLAM!

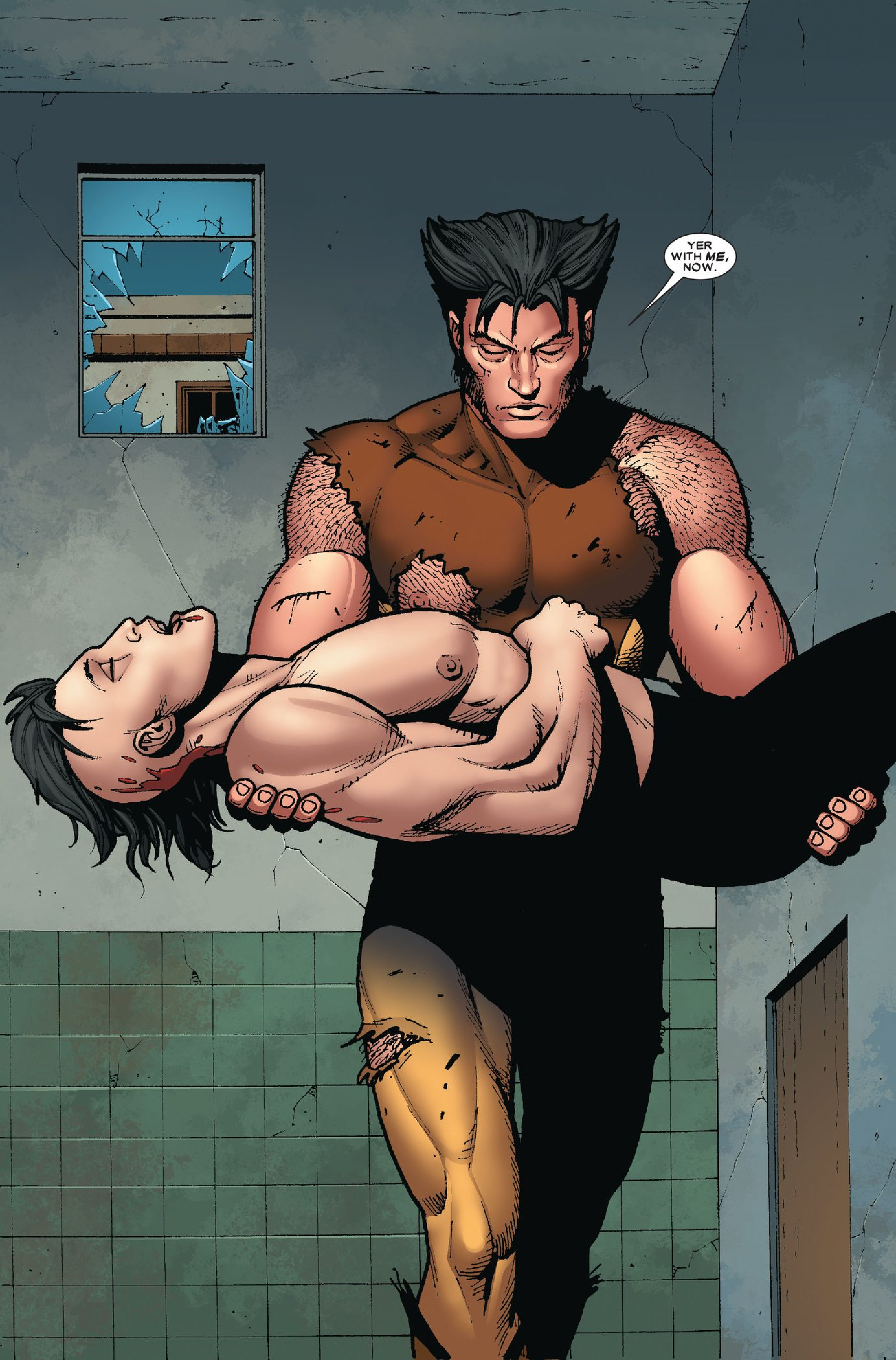


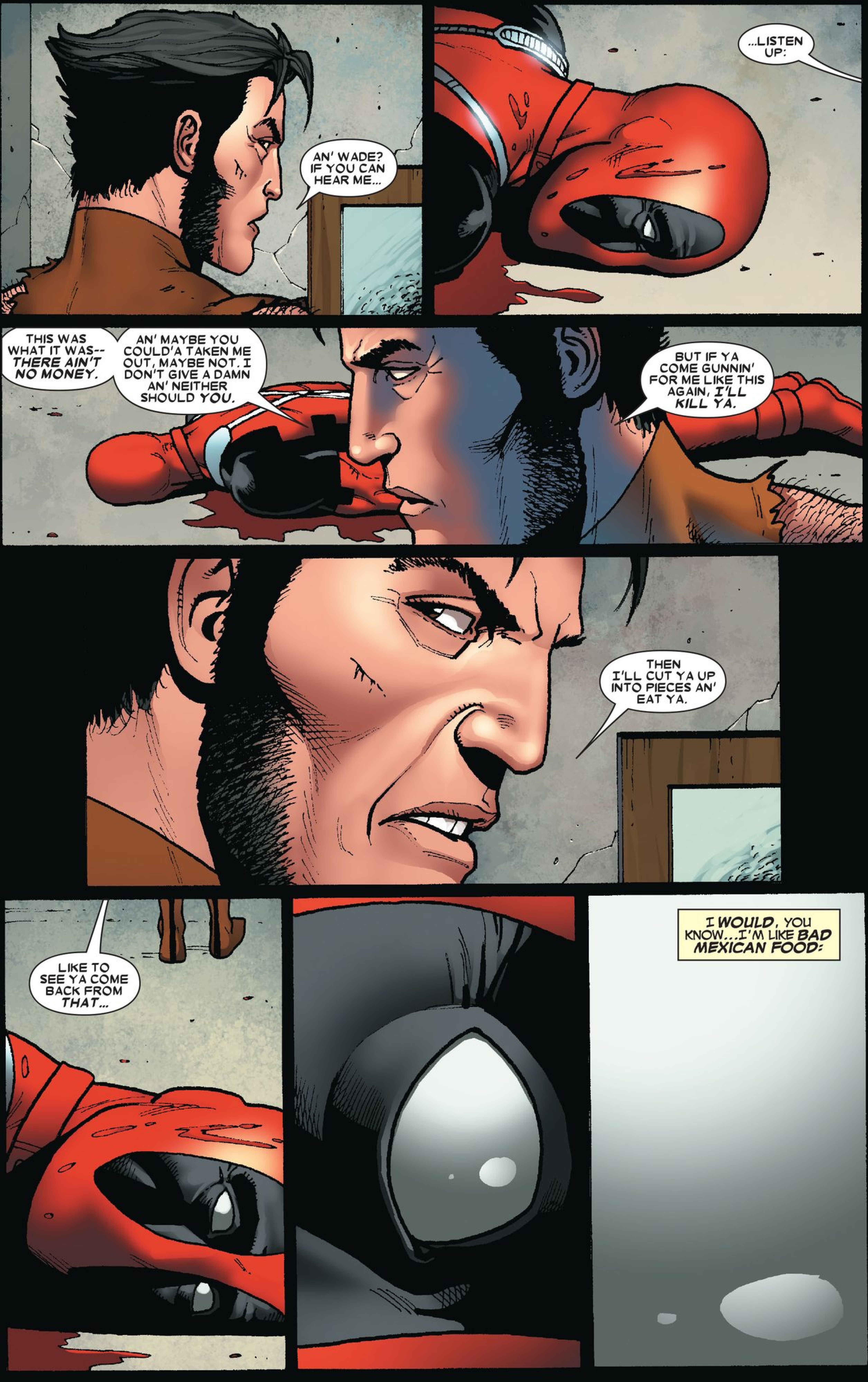

I MURDERED HIS WIFE--AND HIS UNBORN BABY!
ITSU'S BABY--YOUR SON--LIVES!
YOU AN' ME... WE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.
AN' SOMEDAY SOON, WE'RE GONNA SETTLE IT.
CARBONADIUM.
AS YOU REQUESTED.

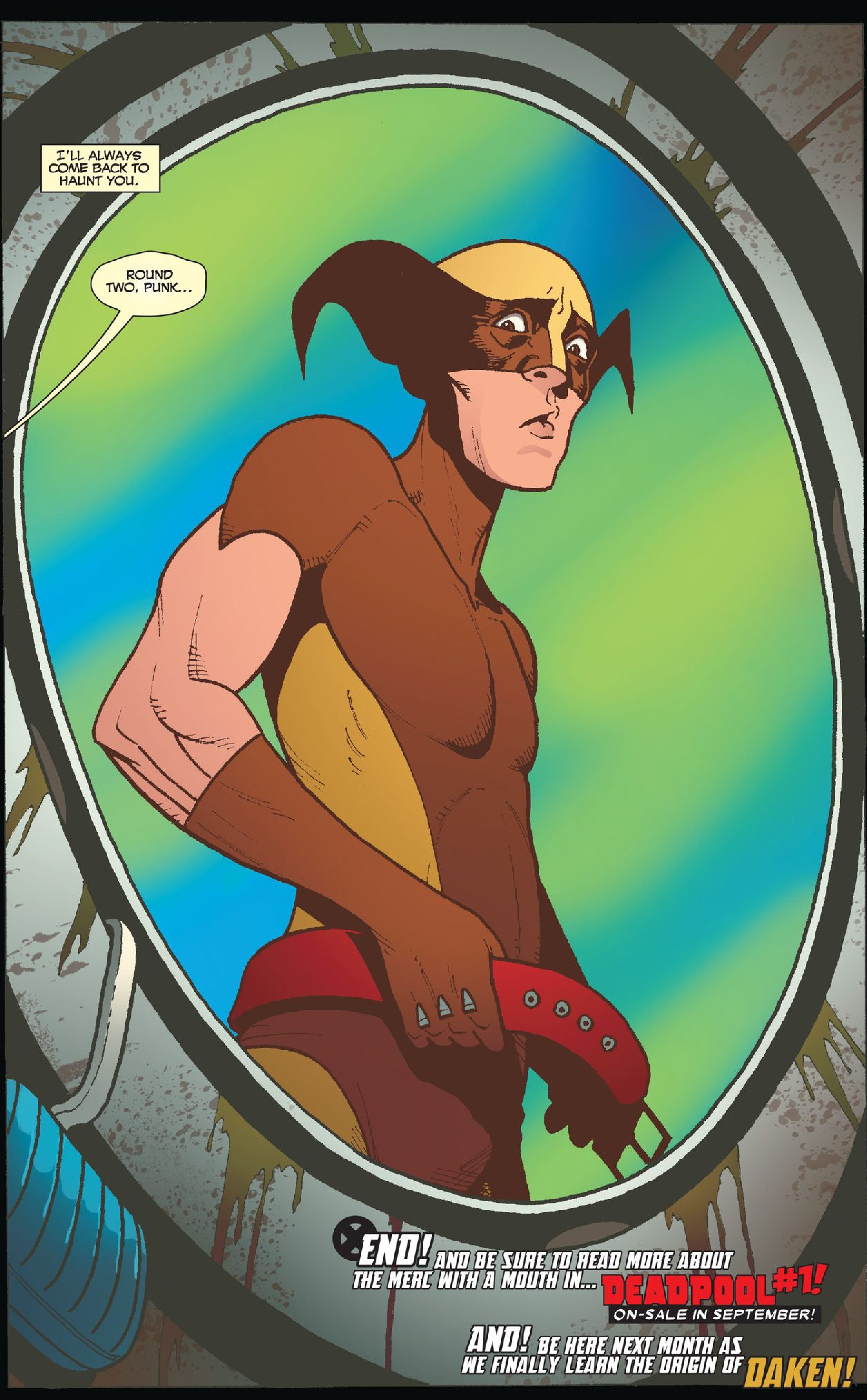

BUCKY,
I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHO AND WHEN.
L.
WE'RE PREPARED TO ASK WITH TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS, A QUARTER OF WHICH WILL BE RELEASED TO YOU UPON ACCEPTANCE.
I SEE
IN THAT CASE, I'M PREPARED...
TO SAY "HELL YEAH."
ONE DOWN, TWO TO GO...

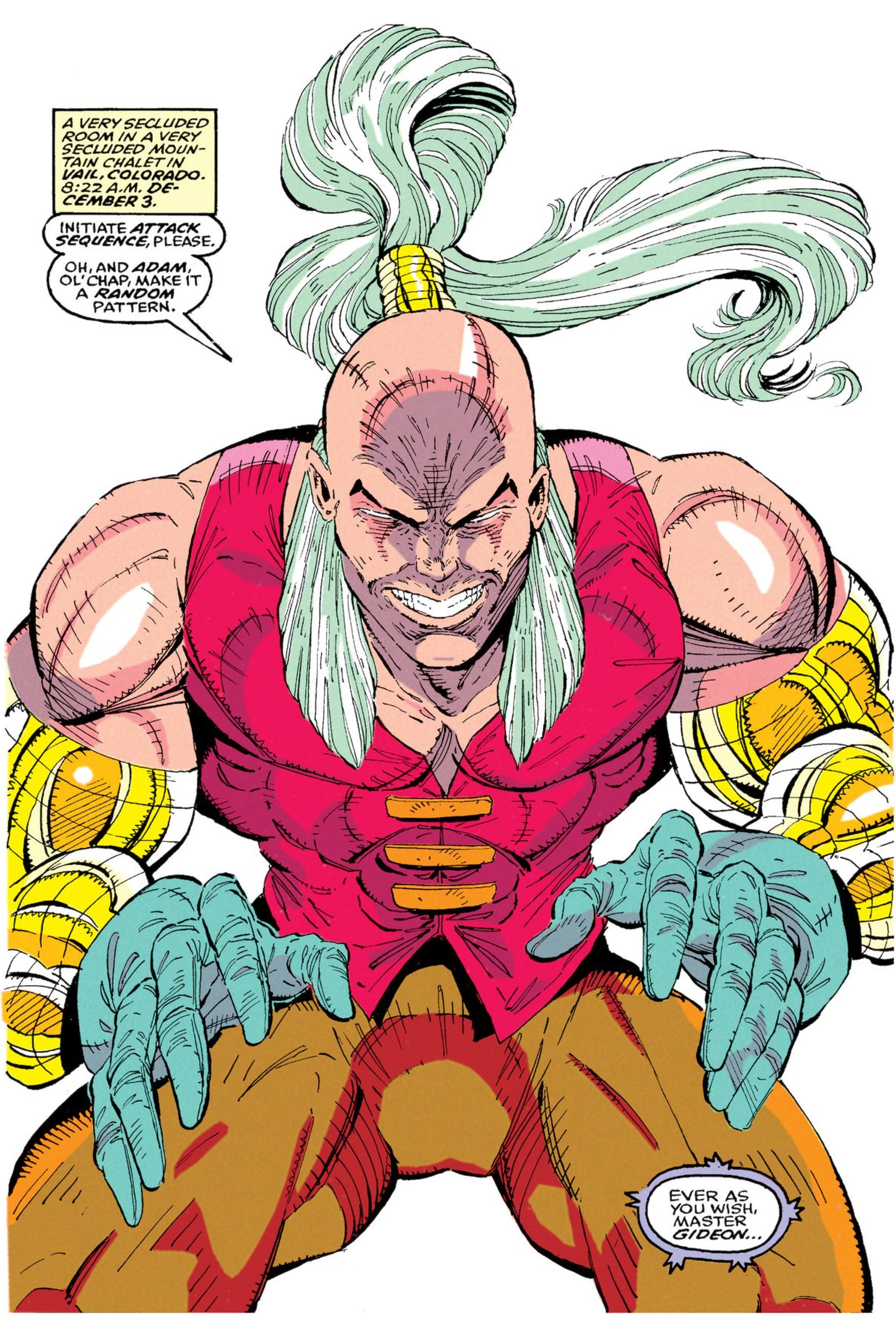

AFTER WHAT YOU DID IN *BERLIN*...
"SPRINGIN' ME FROM THAT *S.H.I.E.L.D. FACILITY*..."
...I KNEW YOU'D NEVER LET *ANYBODY* TAKE ME DOWN *PERMANENTLY*.
ANYBODY... BUT *YOU*.
"SO I GOT BUCKY TO PUT ON A COSTUME..."
DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
NO, BUT I RECOGNIZE THE UNIFORM...
...AN' HIRE THAT CLOWN OVER THERE TO DO JUST THAT--*TAKE ME OUT*.
ALL IN THE HOPE YOU'D COME TO ME.
BECAUSE I WOULD'VE NEVER FOUND YOU, OTHERWISE.


THERE'S A...RIFLE SLUG LODGED IN YER BRAIN. IT'S MADE O' CARBONADIUM.
...AND, AS YOU CAN SEE, THE *CARBONADIUM* HAS SLOWED THE SUBJECT'S MUTANT HEALING FACTOR TO A RELATIVE *CRAWL.*
IT'S GONNA KEEP YER HEALIN' FACTOR FROM KICKIN' IN.
NOT FOREVER... JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO TAKE YOU SOMEPLACE SECURE.
IT TOOK ALMOST A HUNDRED YEARS FOR ME TO GET MY OWN MIND BACK. NOW, I'M GONNA GET YOURS BACK, TOO.
C'MON, SON.
IT'S GONNA BE OKAY.

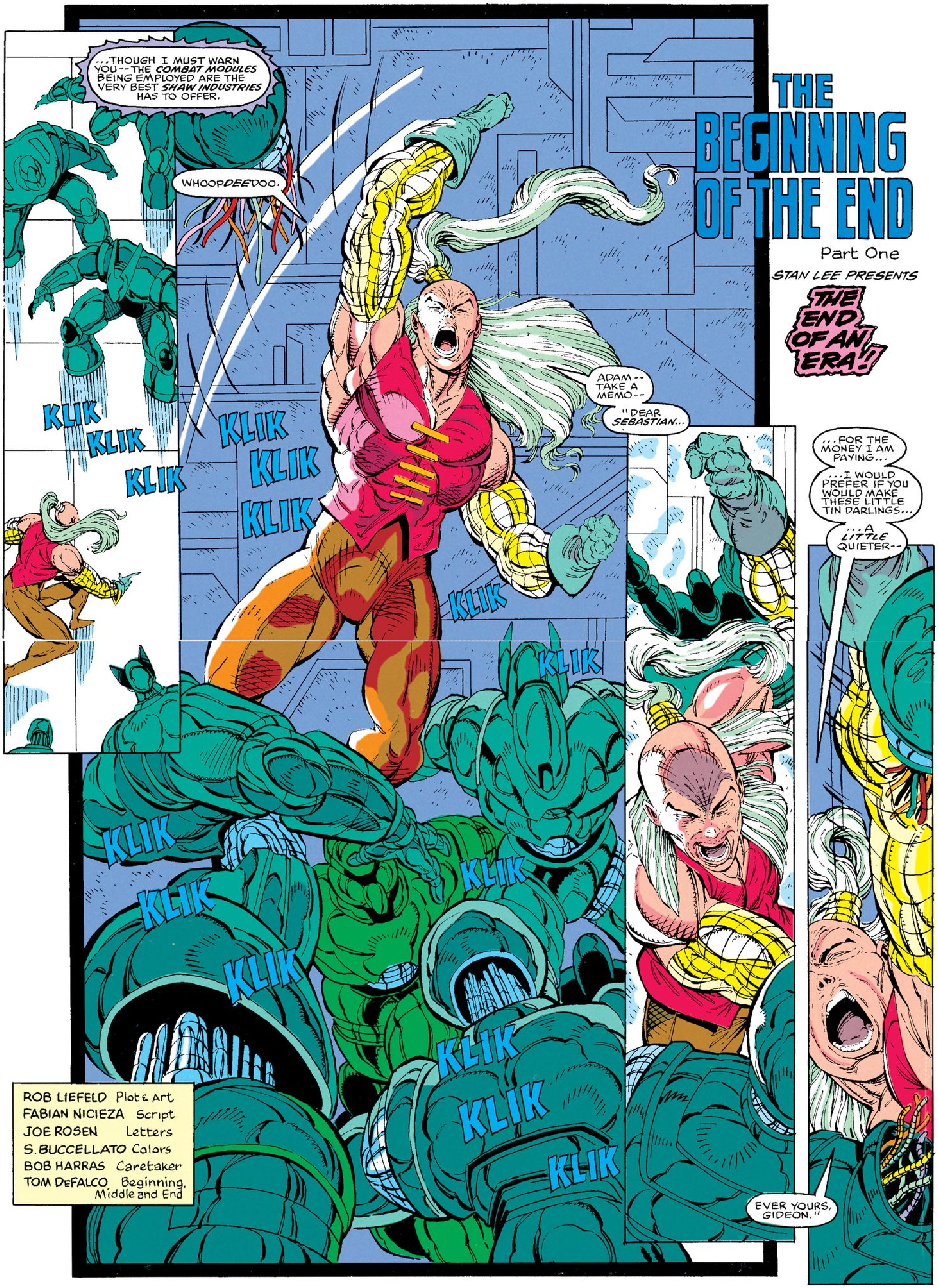

YER WITH *ME*, NOW.


AN' WADE? IF YOU CAN HEAR ME...
...LISTEN UP:
THIS WAS WHAT IT WAS-- *THERE AIN'T NO MONEY.*
AN' MAYBE YOU COULD'A TAKEN ME OUT, MAYBE NOT. I DON'T GIVE A DAMN AN' NEITHER SHOULD *YOU.*
BUT IF YA COME GUNNIN' FOR ME LIKE THIS AGAIN, *I'LL KILL YA.*
THEN I'LL CUT YA UP INTO PIECES AN' EAT YA.
LIKE TO SEE YA COME BACK FROM *THAT...*
I *WOULD,* YOU KNOW...I'M LIKE *BAD MEXICAN FOOD:*


I'LL ALWAYS COME BACK TO HAUNT YOU.
ROUND TWO, PUNK...
END! AND BE SURE TO READ MORE ABOUT THE MERC WITH A MOUTH IN... DEADPOOL #1!
ON-SALE IN SEPTEMBER!
AND! BE HERE NEXT MONTH AS WE FINALLY LEARN THE ORIGIN OF DAKEN!


A VERY SECLUDED ROOM IN A VERY SECLUDED MOUNTAIN CHALET IN VAIL, COLORADO. 8:22 A.M. DECEMBER 3.
INITIATE ATTACK SEQUENCE, PLEASE.
OH, AND ADAM, OL' CHAP, MAKE IT A RANDOM PATTERN.
EVER AS YOU WISH, MASTER GIDEON...

TO CELEBRATE THE 25TH ISSUE OF *WOLVERINE: ORIGINS*, WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE THE VERY FIRST APPEARANCE OF A CERTAIN MERC WITH A MOUTH!


...THOUGH I MUST WARN YOU--THE *COMBAT MODULES* BEING EMPLOYED ARE THE VERY BEST *SHAW INDUSTRIES* HAS TO OFFER.
WHOOP*DEE*DOO.
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
ADAM--TAKE A MEMO--
"DEAR *SEBASTIAN*...
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
...FOR THE MONEY I AM PAYING...
...I WOULD PREFER IF YOU WOULD MAKE THESE LITTLE TIN DARLINGS...
...A *LITTLE* QUIETER--
EVER YOURS, GIDEON."

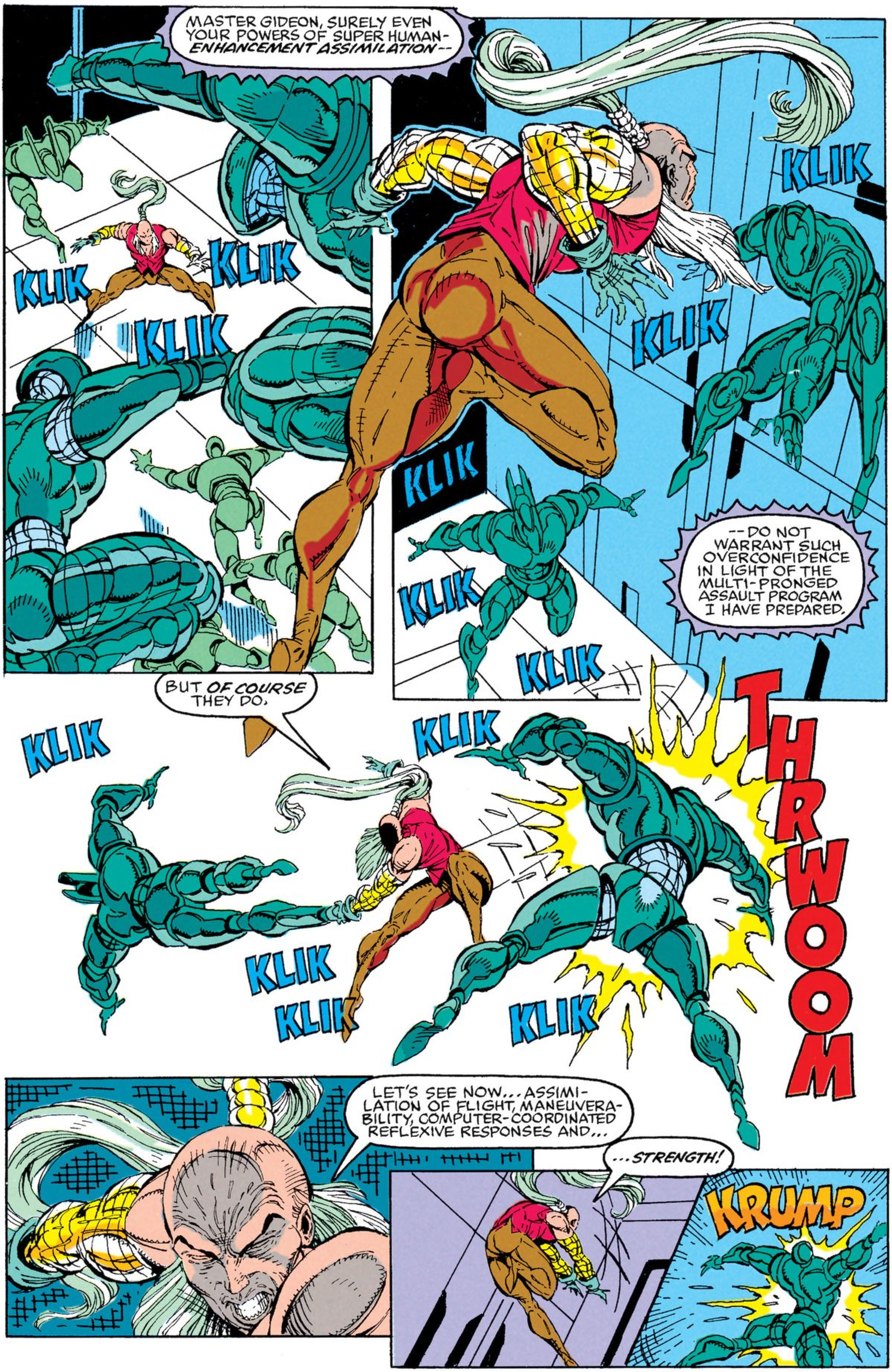
THE BEGINNING OF THE END

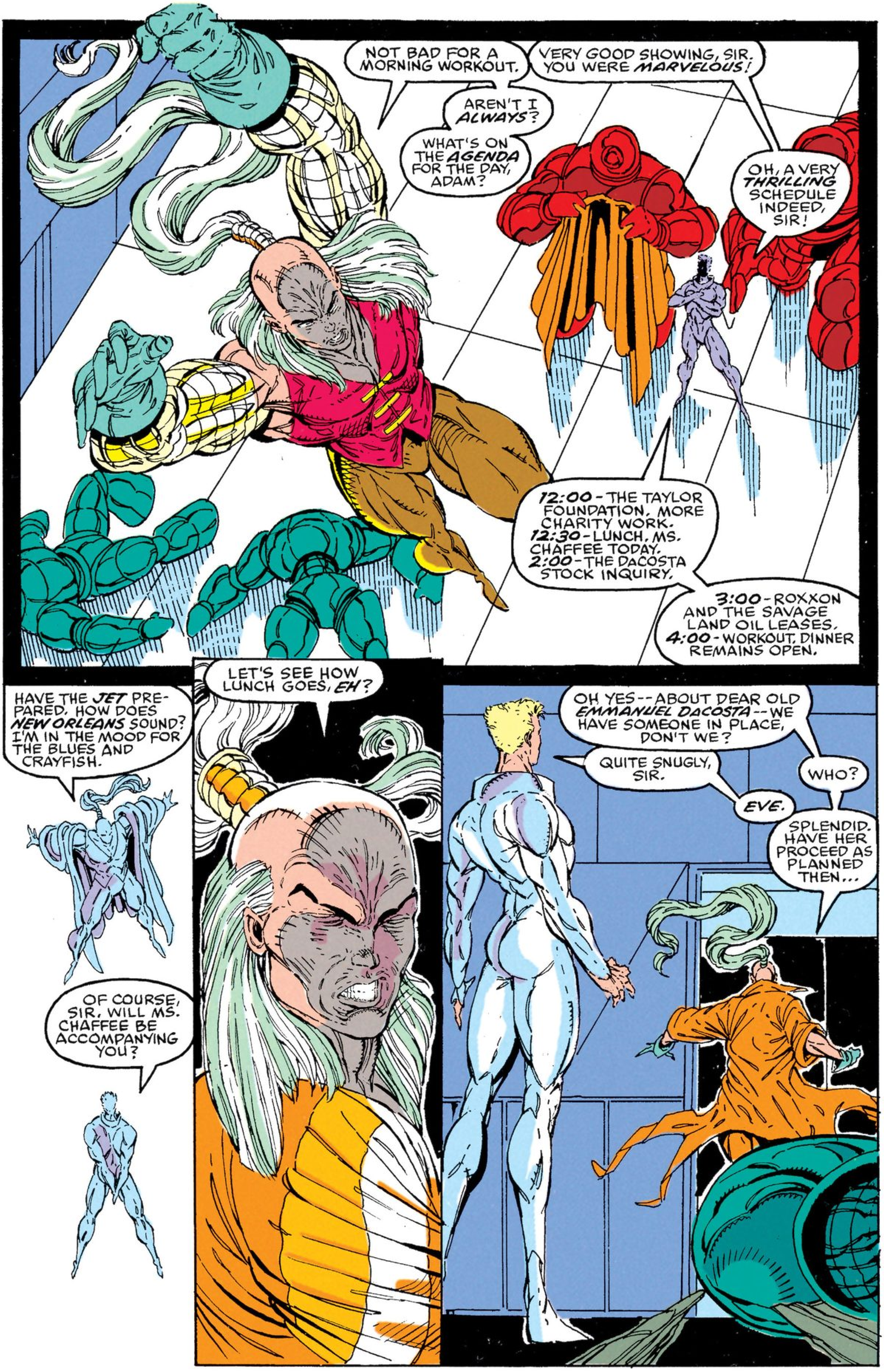
Part One

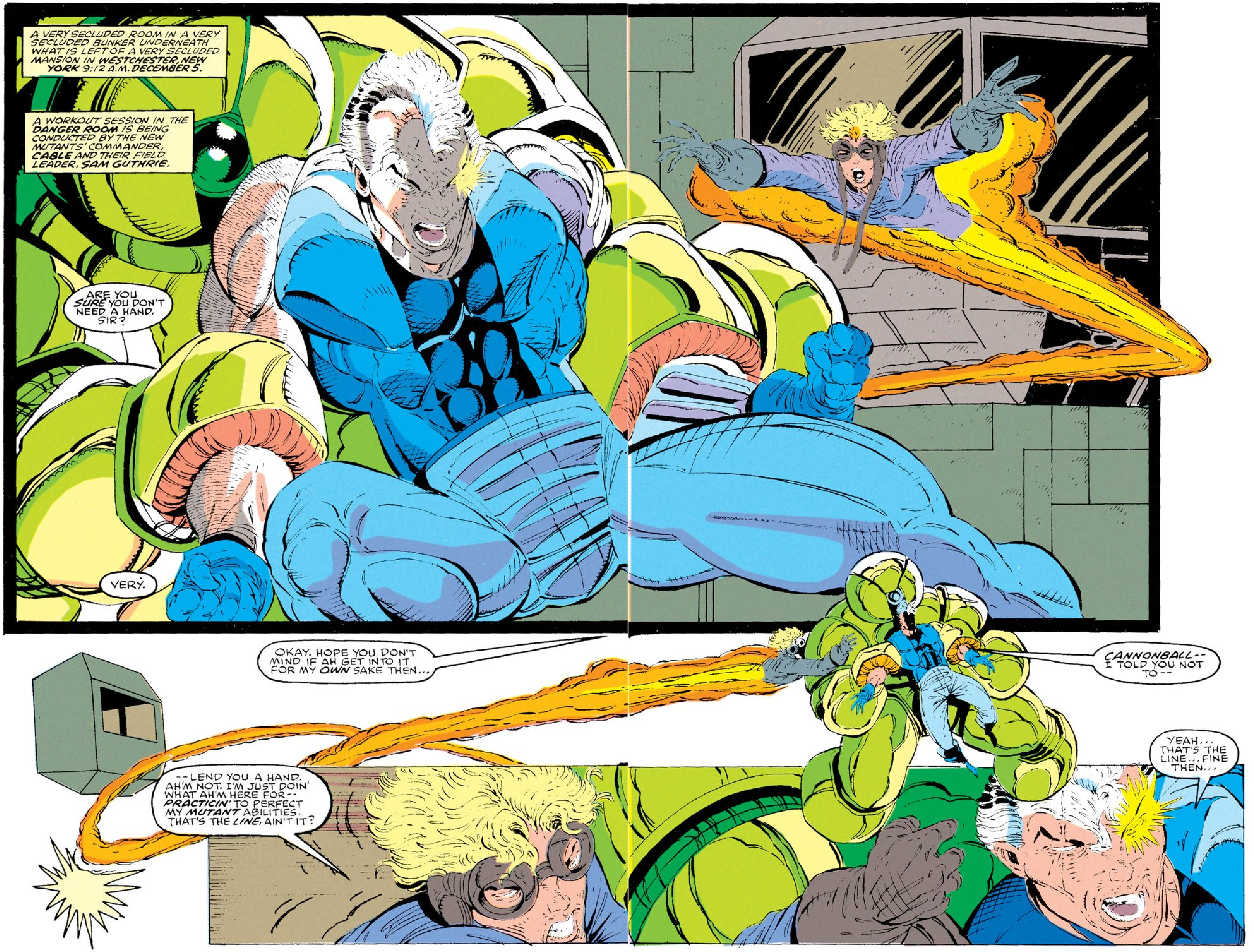
STAN LEE PRESENTS

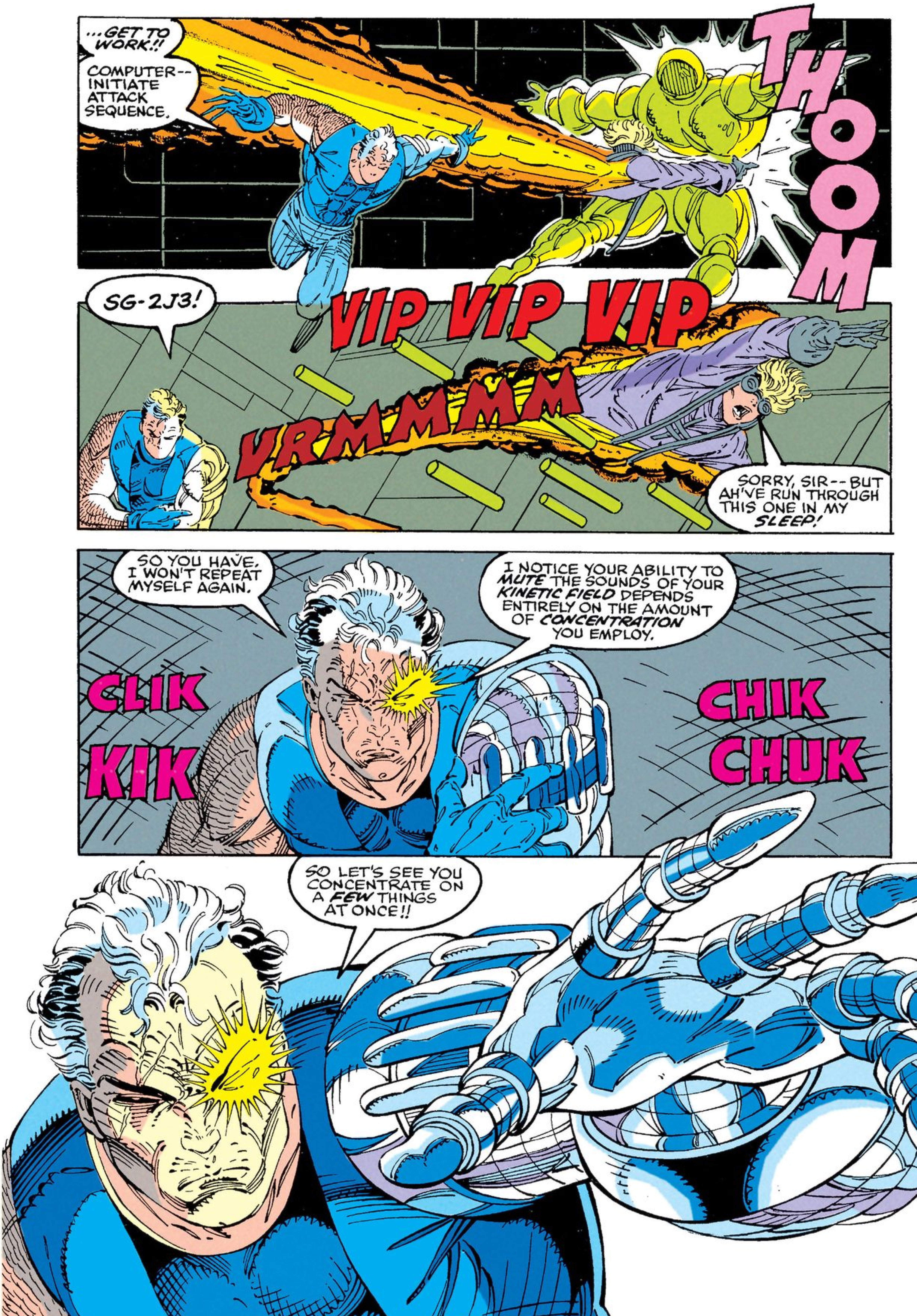
THE END OF AN ERA!

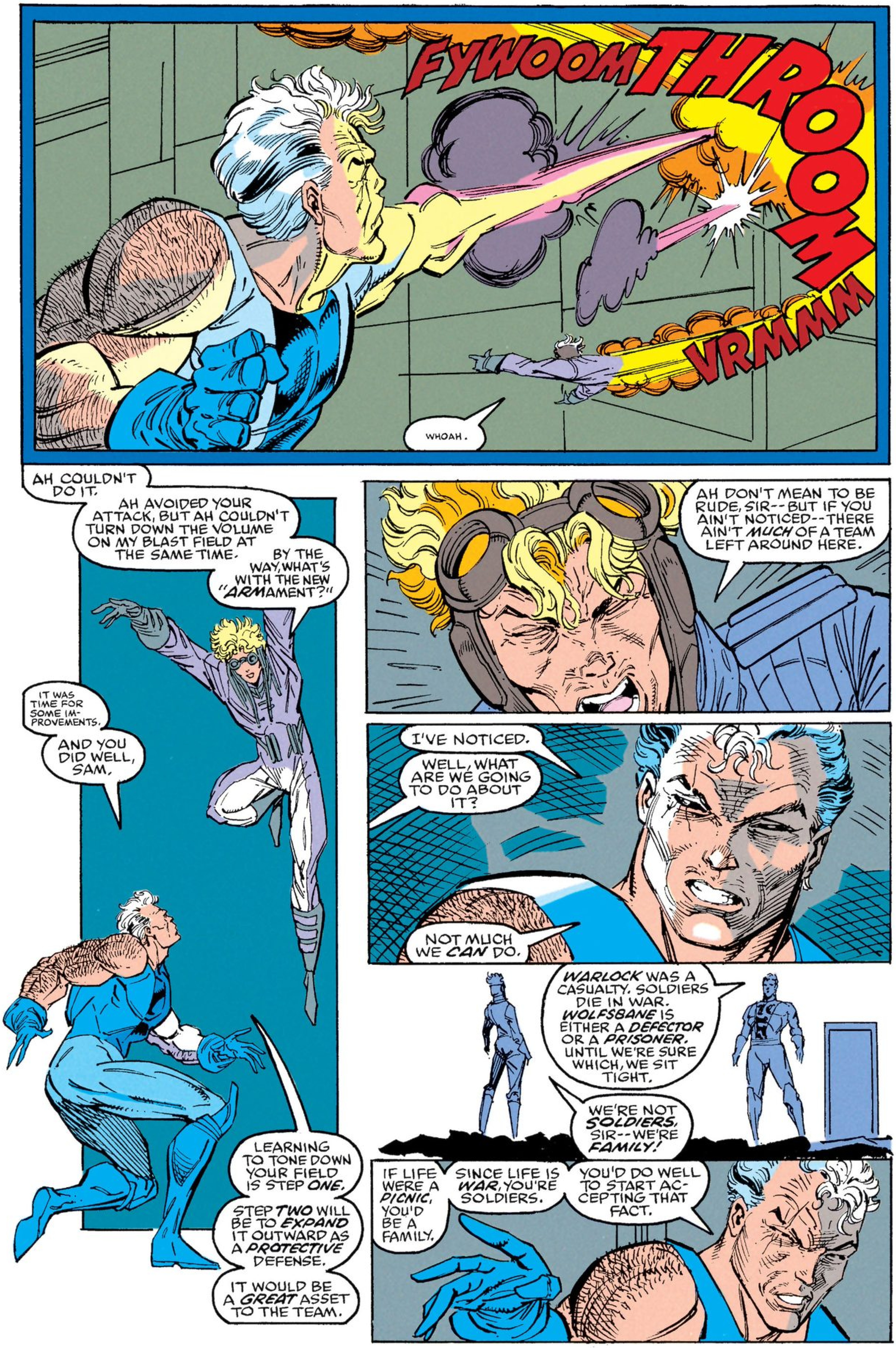
ROB LIEFELD Plot & Art
FABIAN NICIEZA Script
JOE ROSEN Letters
S. BUCCELLATO Colors
BOB HARRAS Caretaker
TOM DeFALCO Beginning, Middle and End

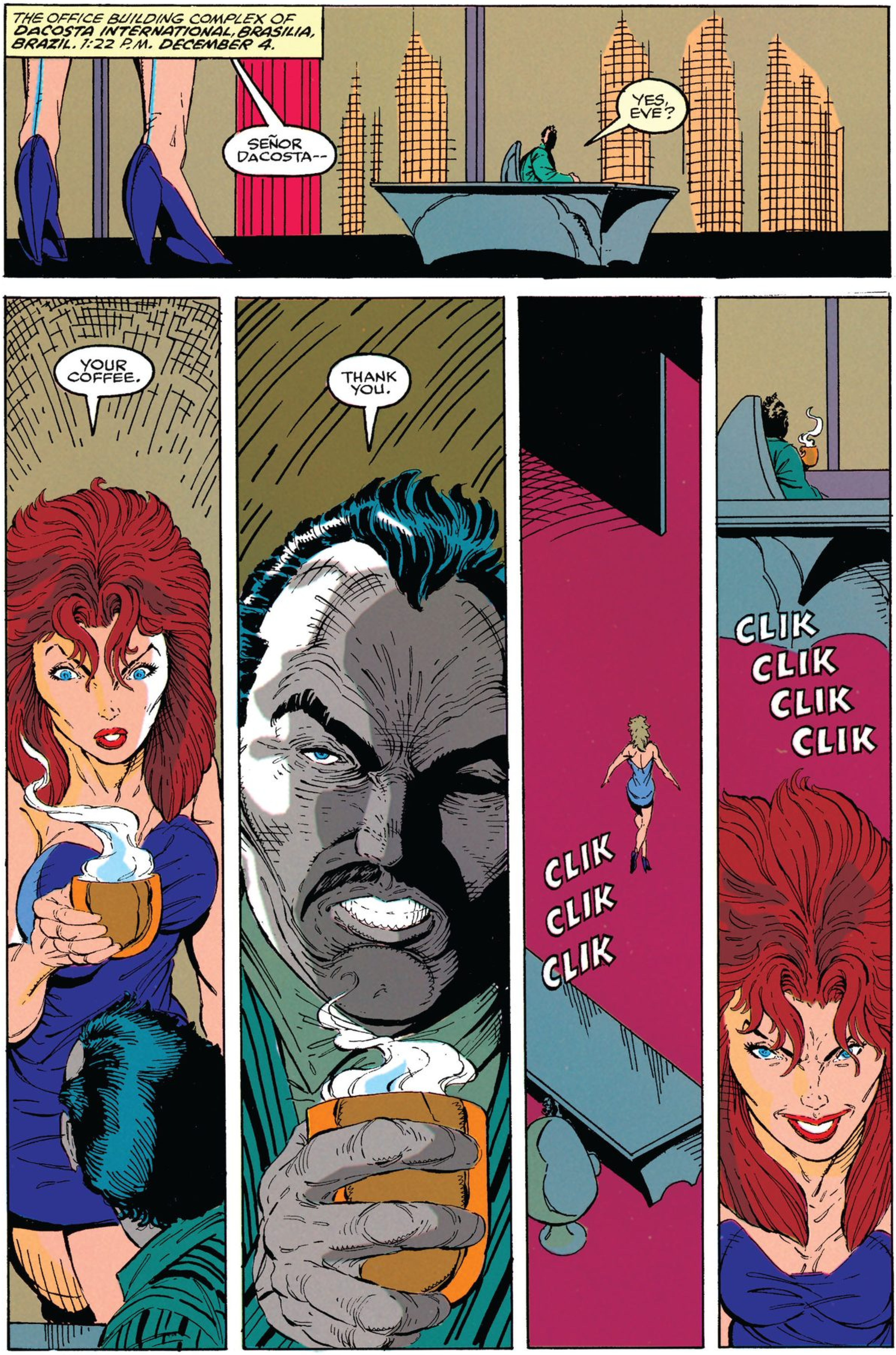

MASTER GIDEON, SURELY EVEN YOUR POWERS OF SUPER HUMAN-*ENHANCEMENT ASSIMILATION*--
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
--DO NOT WARRANT SUCH OVERCONFIDENCE IN LIGHT OF THE MULTI-PRONGED ASSAULT PROGRAM I HAVE PREPARED.
BUT *OF COURSE* THEY DO.
KLIK
KLIK
THRWOOM
KLIK
KLIK
KLIK
LET'S SEE NOW... ASSIMILATION OF FLIGHT, MANEUVERABILITY, COMPUTER-COORDINATED REFLEXIVE RESPONSES AND...
...*STRENGTH!*
KRUMP

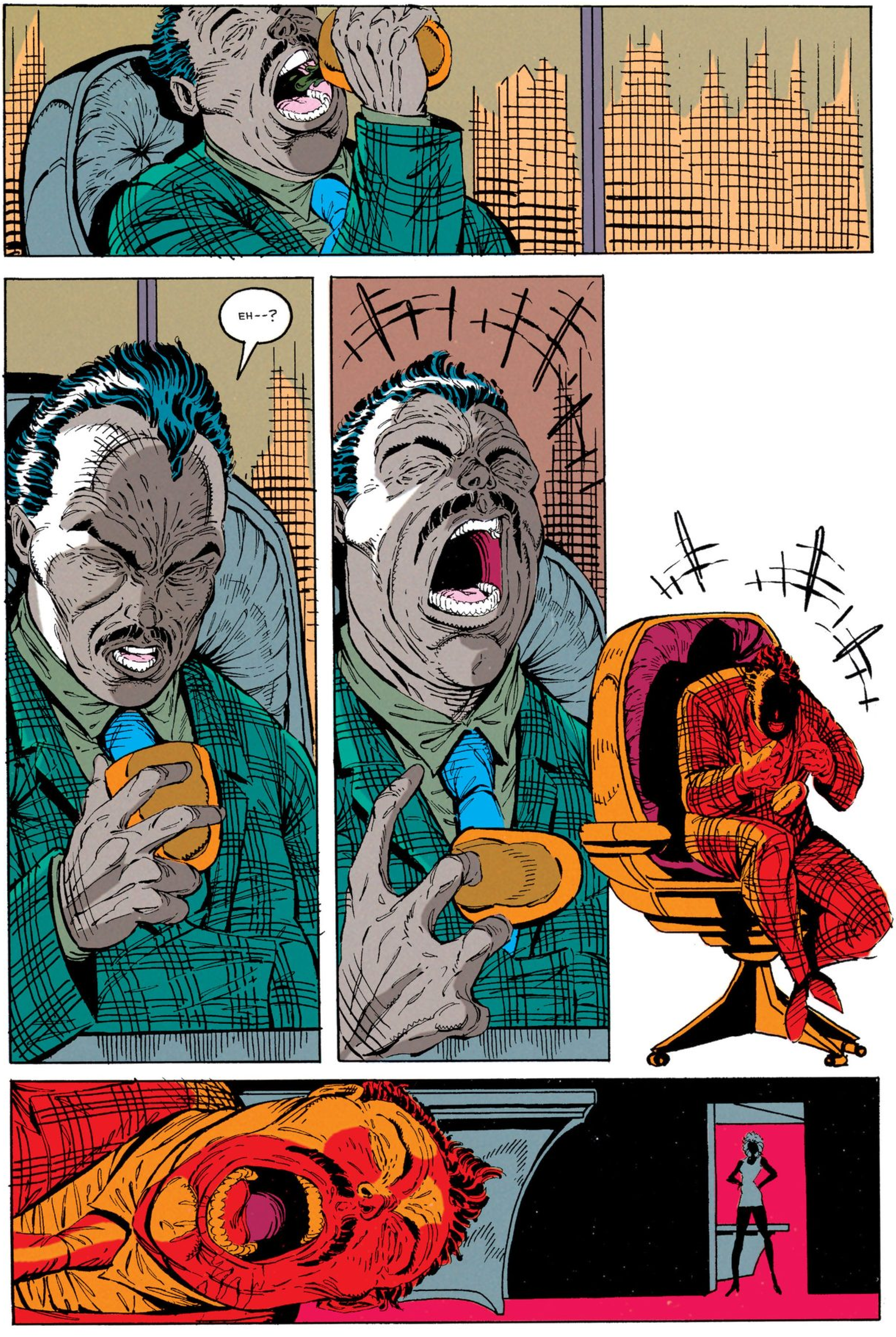

NOT BAD FOR A MORNING WORKOUT.
VERY GOOD SHOWING, SIR. YOU WERE *MARVELOUS*!
AREN'T I *ALWAYS*?
WHAT'S ON THE *AGENDA* FOR THE DAY, ADAM?
OH, A VERY *THRILLING* SCHEDULE INDEED, SIR!
12:00 - THE TAYLOR FOUNDATION. MORE CHARITY WORK. **12:30** - LUNCH, MS. CHAFFEE TODAY. **2:00** - THE DACOSTA STOCK INQUIRY.
3:00 - ROXXON AND THE SAVAGE LAND OIL LEASES. **4:00** - WORKOUT. DINNER REMAINS OPEN.
LET'S SEE HOW LUNCH GOES, *EH*?
HAVE THE *JET* PREPARED. HOW DOES *NEW ORLEANS* SOUND? I'M IN THE MOOD FOR THE BLUES AND CRAYFISH.
OF COURSE, SIR. WILL MS. CHAFFEE BE ACCOMPANYING YOU?
OH YES--ABOUT DEAR OLD *EMMANUEL DACOSTA*--WE HAVE SOMEONE IN PLACE, DON'T WE?
QUITE SNUGLY, SIR.
WHO?
EVE.
SPLENDID. HAVE HER PROCEED AS PLANNED THEN...

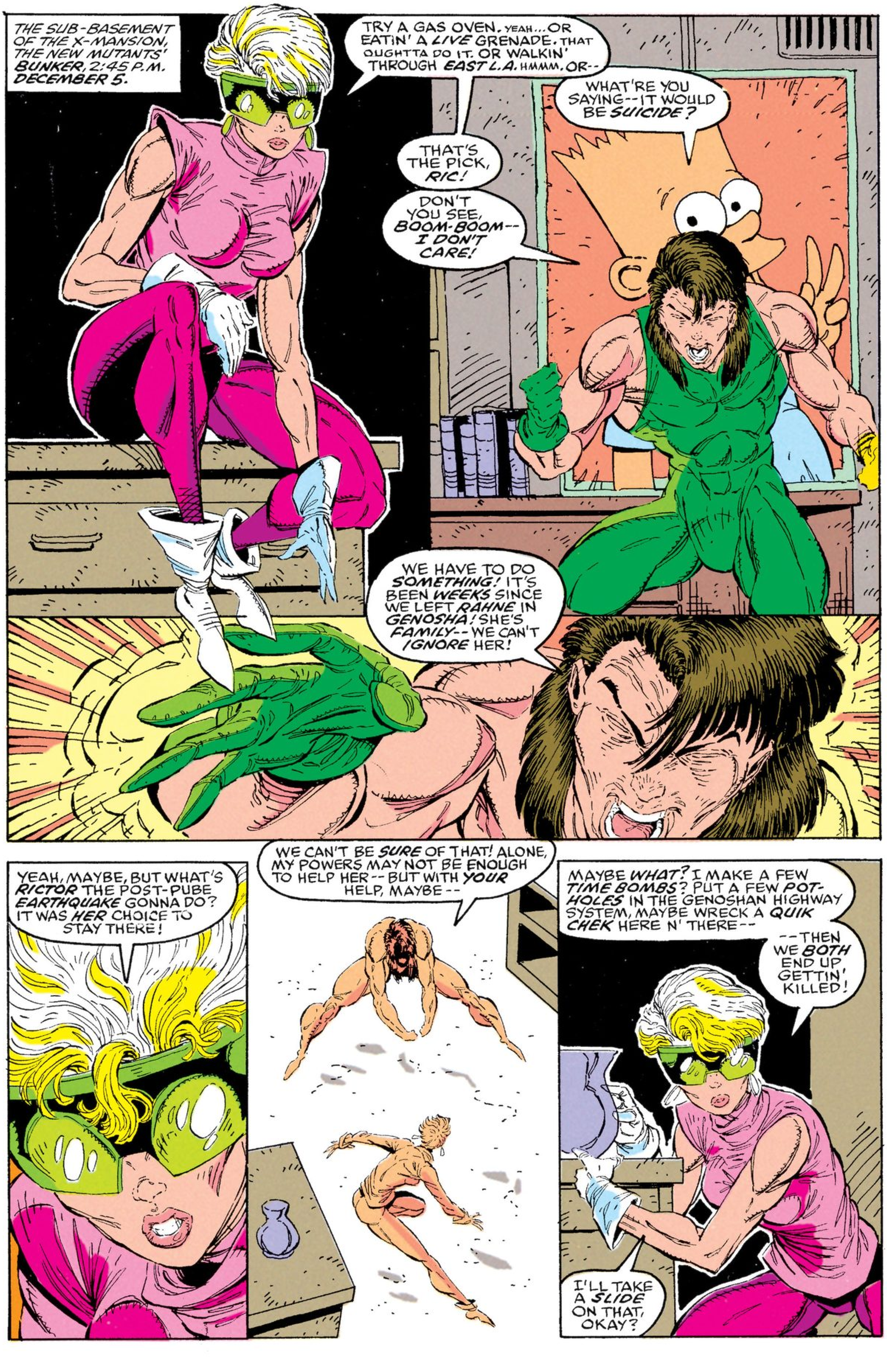

A VERY SECLUDED ROOM IN A VERY SECLUDED BUNKER UNDERNEATH WHAT IS LEFT OF A VERY SECLUDED MANSION IN **WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK** 9:12 A.M. **DECEMBER 5.**
A WORKOUT SESSION IN THE **DANGER ROOM** IS BEING CONDUCTED BY THE NEW MUTANTS' COMMANDER, **CABLE** AND THEIR FIELD LEADER, **SAM GUTHRIE.**
ARE YOU ***SURE*** YOU DON'T NEED A HAND, SIR?
VERY.
OKAY. HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF AH GET INTO IT FOR MY ***OWN*** SAKE THEN...
CANNONBALL -- I TOLD YOU NOT TO --
-- LEND YOU A HAND. AH'M NOT. I'M JUST DOIN' WHAT AH'M HERE FOR -- ***PRACTICIN'*** TO PERFECT MY ***MUTANT*** ABILITIES. THAT'S THE ***LINE***, AIN'T IT?
YEAH... THAT'S THE LINE... FINE THEN...

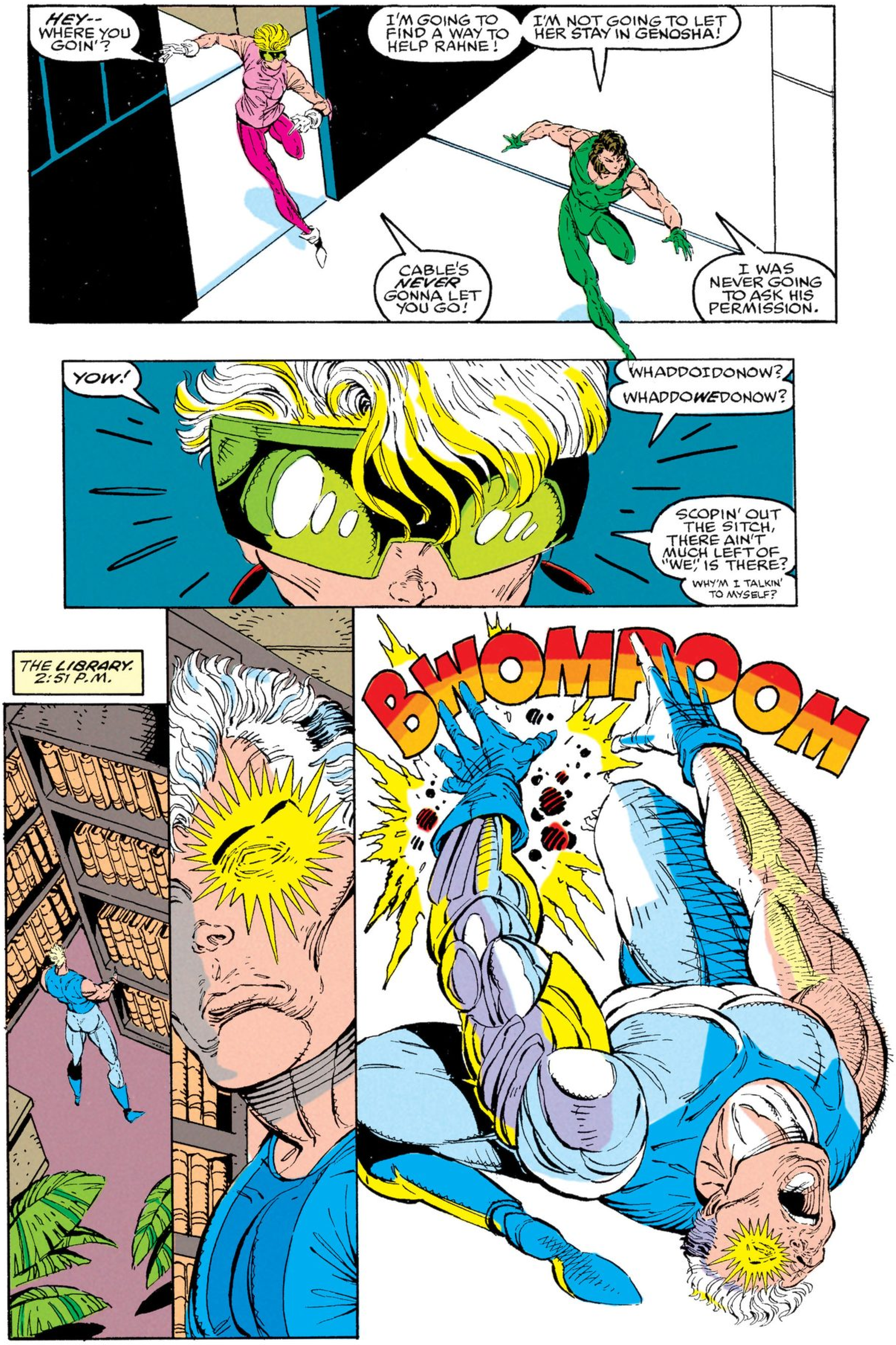

...GET TO WORK.!!
COMPUTER-- INITIATE ATTACK SEQUENCE.
THOOM
SG-2J3!
VIP VIP VIP
VRMMMM
SORRY, SIR--BUT AH'VE RUN THROUGH THIS ONE IN MY SLEEP!
SO YOU HAVE. I WON'T REPEAT MYSELF AGAIN.
I NOTICE YOUR ABILITY TO MUTE THE SOUNDS OF YOUR KINETIC FIELD DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON THE AMOUNT OF CONCENTRATION YOU EMPLOY.
CLIK KIK
CHIK CHUK
SO LET'S SEE YOU CONCENTRATE ON A FEW THINGS AT ONCE!!

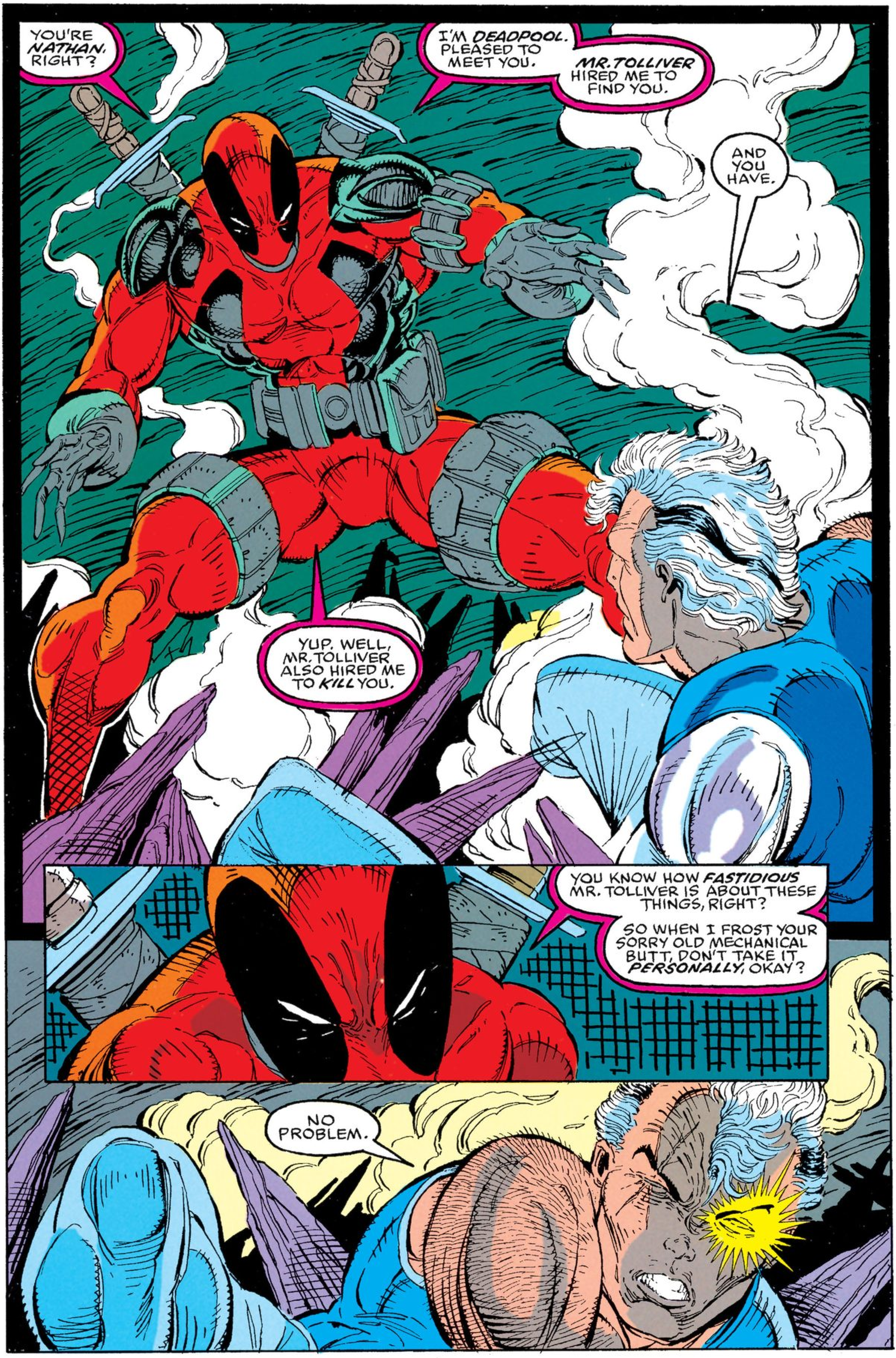

FYWOOM THROOM
VRMMM
WHOAH.
AH COULDN'T DO IT.
AH AVOIDED YOUR ATTACK, BUT AH COULDN'T TURN DOWN THE VOLUME ON MY BLAST FIELD AT THE SAME TIME.
BY THE WAY, WHAT'S WITH THE NEW "*ARM*AMENT?"
IT WAS TIME FOR SOME IMPROVEMENTS.
AND YOU DID WELL, SAM.
LEARNING TO TONE DOWN YOUR FIELD IS STEP *ONE.*
STEP *TWO* WILL BE TO *EXPAND* IT OUTWARD AS A *PROTECTIVE* DEFENSE.
IT WOULD BE A *GREAT* ASSET TO THE TEAM.
AH DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, SIR--BUT IF YOU AIN'T NOTICED--THERE AIN'T *MUCH* OF A TEAM LEFT AROUND HERE.
I'VE NOTICED.
WELL, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
NOT MUCH WE *CAN* DO.
WARLOCK WAS A CASUALTY. SOLDIERS DIE IN WAR. *WOLFSBANE* IS EITHER A *DEFECTOR* OR A *PRISONER.* UNTIL WE'RE SURE WHICH, WE SIT TIGHT.
WE'RE NOT *SOLDIERS,* SIR--WE'RE *FAMILY!*
IF LIFE WERE A *PICNIC,* YOU'D BE A FAMILY.
SINCE LIFE IS *WAR,* YOU'RE SOLDIERS.
YOU'D DO WELL TO START ACCEPTING THAT FACT.

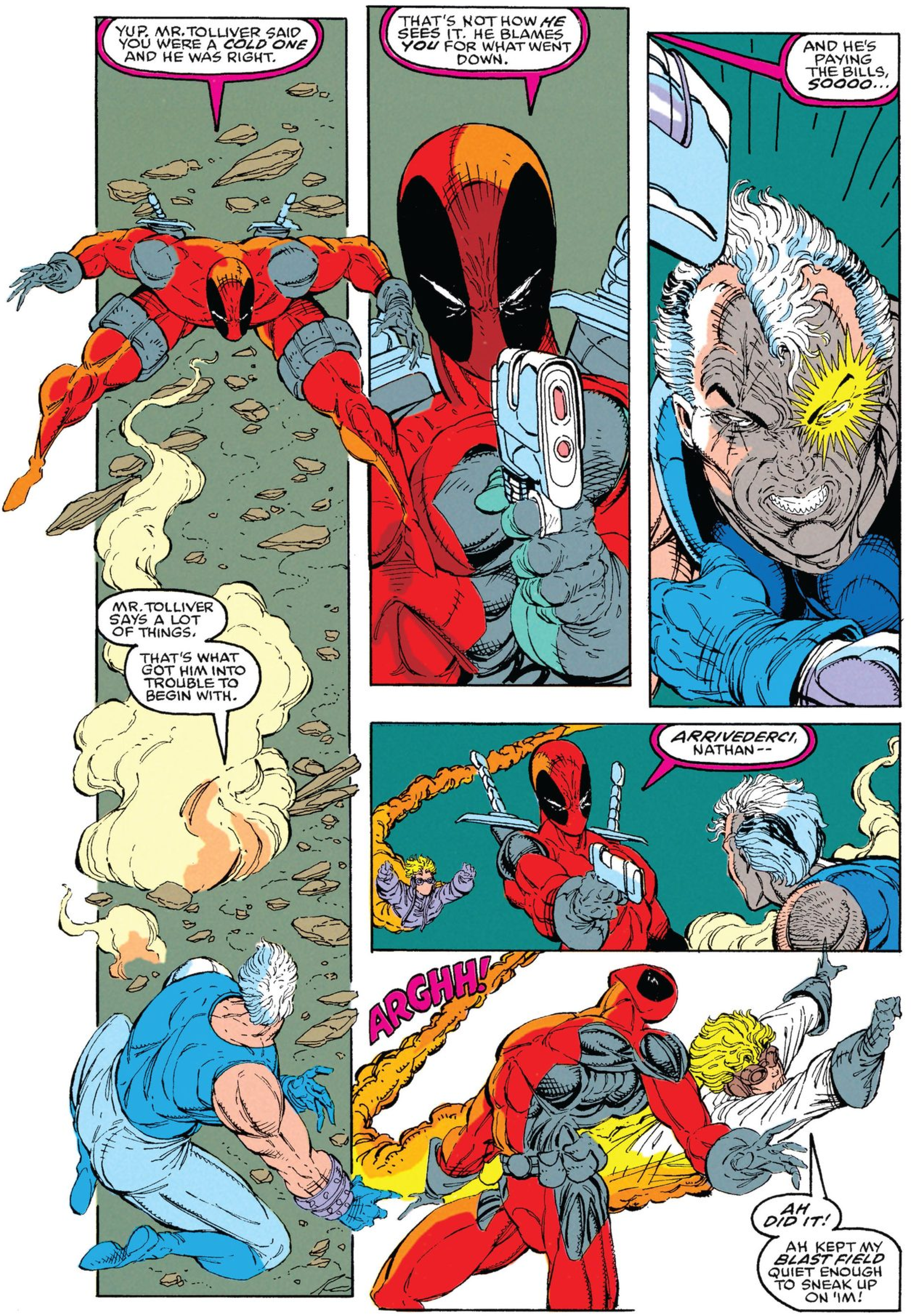

THE OFFICE BUILDING COMPLEX OF DACOSTA INTERNATIONAL, BRASILIA, BRAZIL. 1:22 P.M. DECEMBER 4.
SEÑOR DACOSTA--
YES, EVE?
YOUR COFFEE.
THANK YOU.
CLIK CLIK CLIK
CLIK CLIK CLIK CLIK

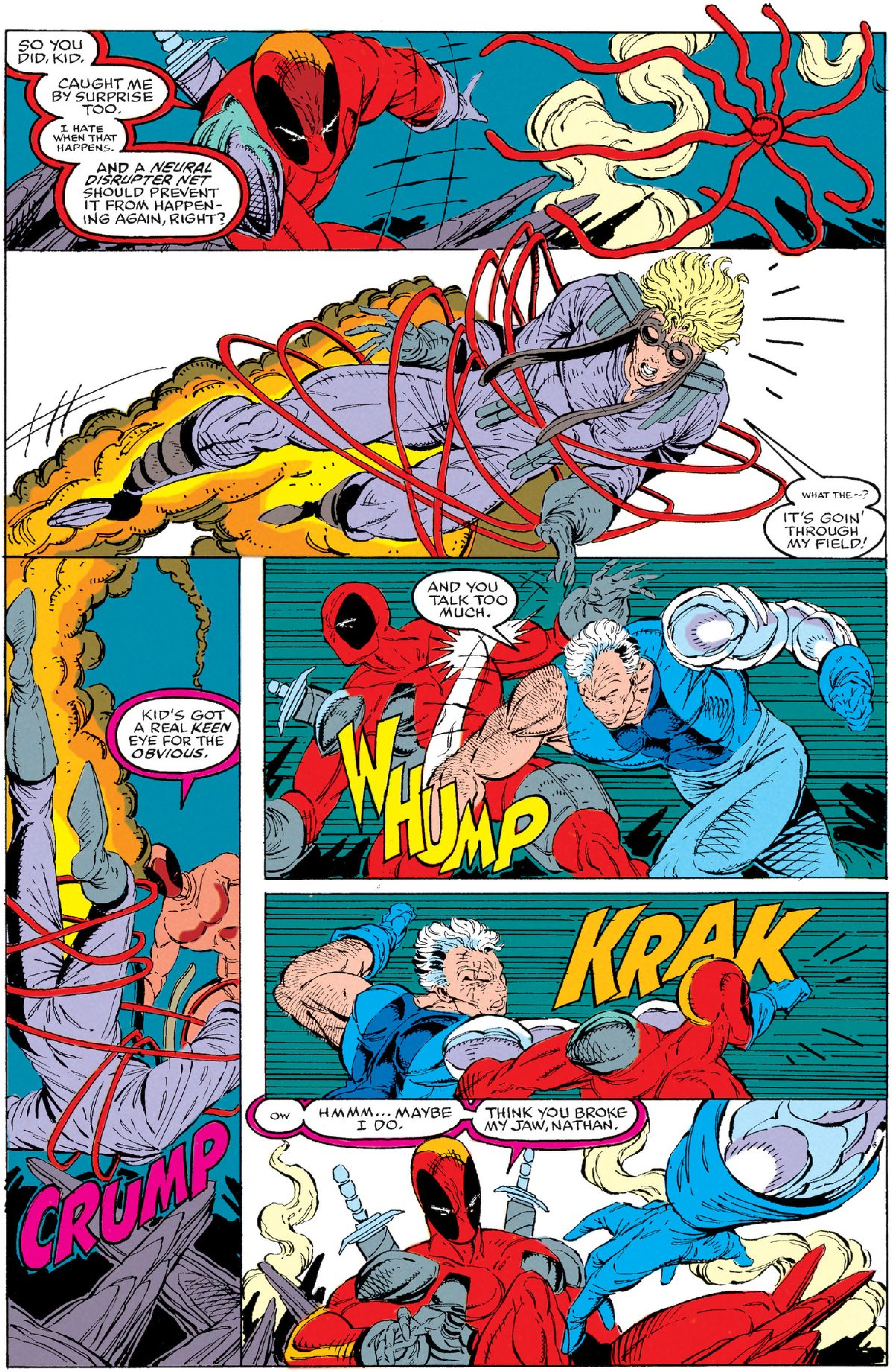

EH--?

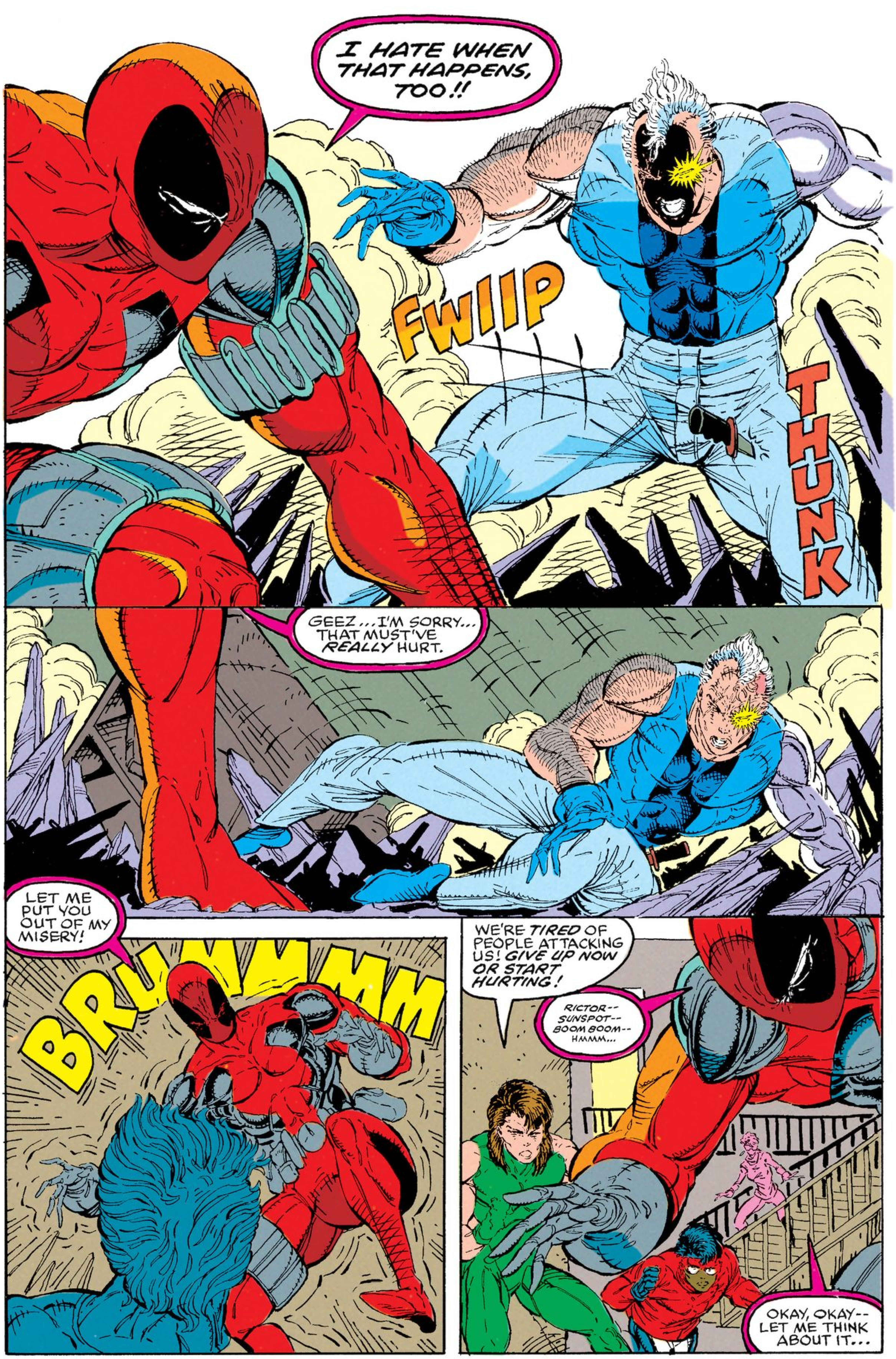

THE SUB-BASEMENT OF THE X-MANSION, THE NEW MUTANTS' BUNKER, 2:45 P.M. DECEMBER 5.
TRY A GAS OVEN. YEAH... OR EATIN' A LIVE GRENADE. THAT OUGHTTA DO IT. OR WALKIN' THROUGH EAST L.A. HMMM. OR--
WHAT'RE YOU SAYING--IT WOULD BE SUICIDE?
THAT'S THE PICK, RIC!
DON'T YOU SEE, BOOM-BOOM-- I DON'T CARE!
WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! IT'S BEEN WEEKS SINCE WE LEFT RAHNE IN GENOSHA! SHE'S FAMILY--WE CAN'T IGNORE HER!
YEAH, MAYBE, BUT WHAT'S RICTOR THE POST-PUBE EARTHQUAKE GONNA DO? IT WAS HER CHOICE TO STAY THERE!
WE CAN'T BE SURE OF THAT! ALONE, MY POWERS MAY NOT BE ENOUGH TO HELP HER--BUT WITH YOUR HELP, MAYBE--
MAYBE WHAT? I MAKE A FEW TIME BOMBS? PUT A FEW POT-HOLES IN THE GENOSHAN HIGHWAY SYSTEM, MAYBE WRECK A QUIK CHEK HERE N' THERE--
--THEN WE BOTH END UP GETTIN' KILLED!
I'LL TAKE A SLIDE ON THAT, OKAY?

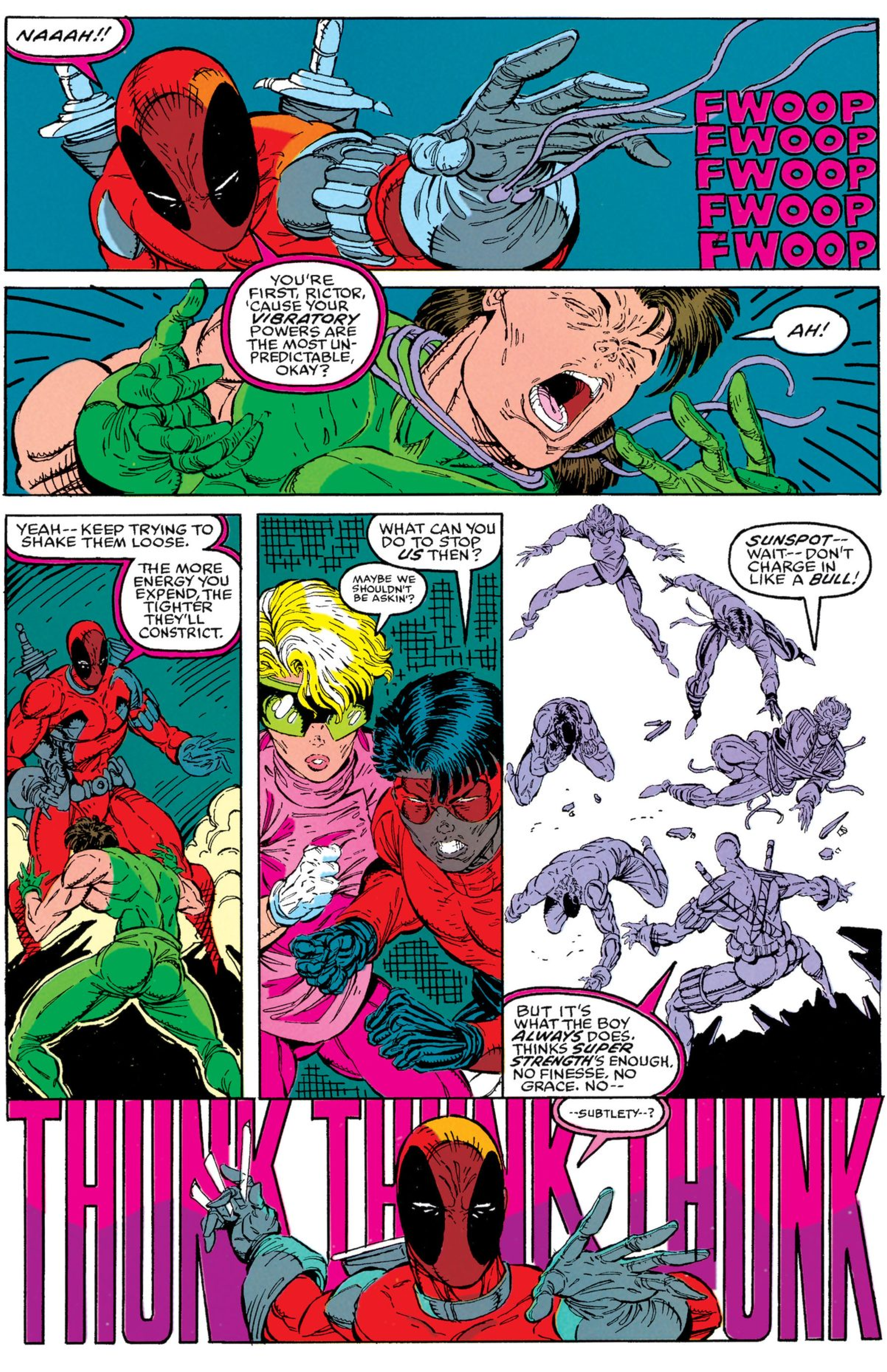

HEY-- WHERE YOU GOIN'?
I'M GOING TO FIND A WAY TO HELP RAHNE!
I'M NOT GOING TO LET HER STAY IN GENOSHA!
CABLE'S NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO!
I WAS NEVER GOING TO ASK HIS PERMISSION.
YOW!
WHADDOIDONOW?
WHADDOWEDONOW?
SCOPIN' OUT THE SITCH, THERE AIN'T MUCH LEFT OF "WE," IS THERE?
WHY'M I TALKIN' TO MYSELF?
THE LIBRARY. 2:51 P.M.
BHOMADOOM

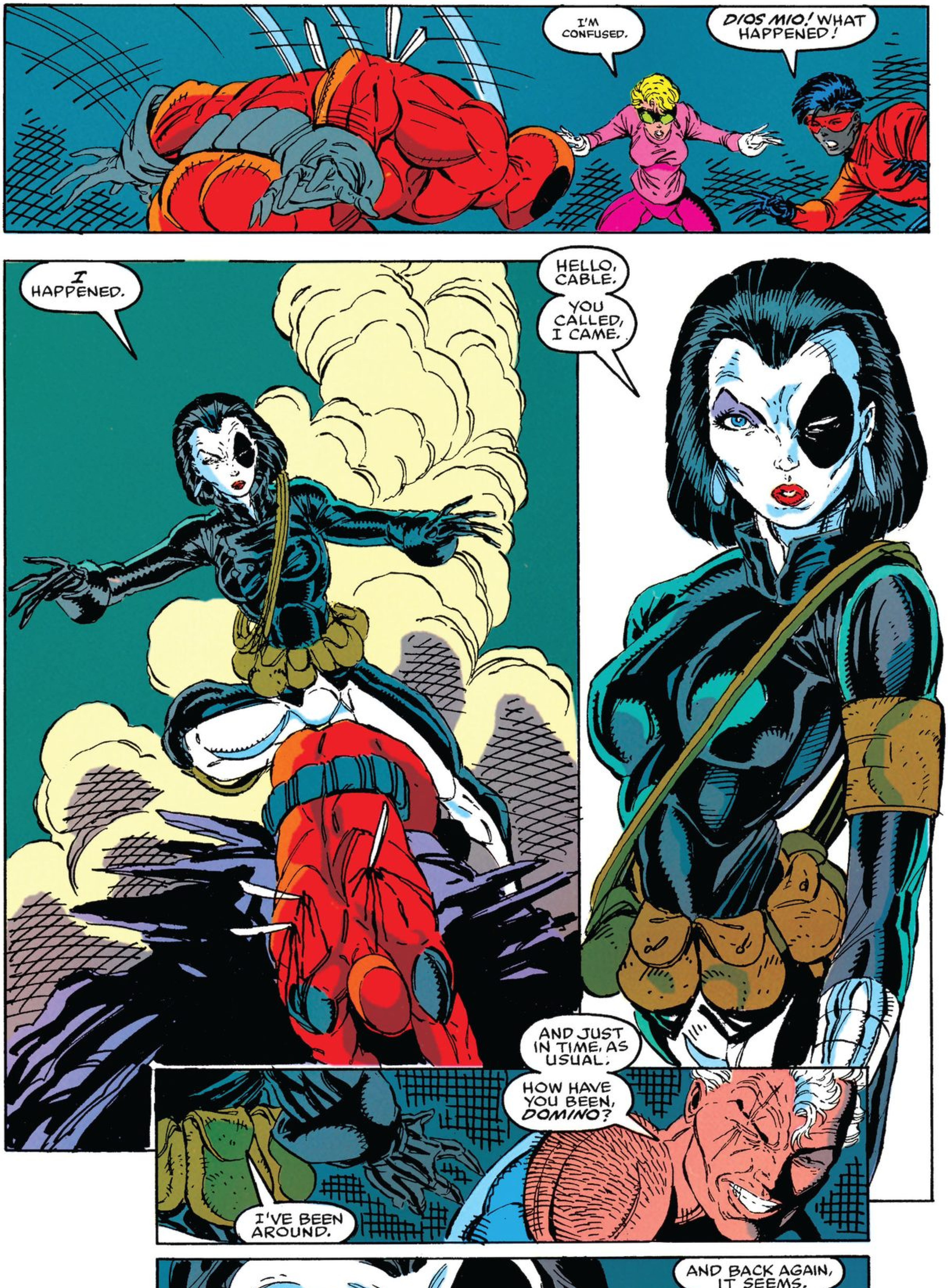

YOU'RE NATHAN, RIGHT?
I'M DEADPOOL. PLEASED TO MEET YOU. MR. TOLLIVER HIRED ME TO FIND YOU.
AND YOU HAVE.
YUP. WELL, MR. TOLLIVER ALSO HIRED ME TO KILL YOU.
YOU KNOW HOW FASTIDIOUS MR. TOLLIVER IS ABOUT THESE THINGS, RIGHT? SO WHEN I FROST YOUR SORRY OLD MECHANICAL BUTT, DON'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY, OKAY?
NO PROBLEM.

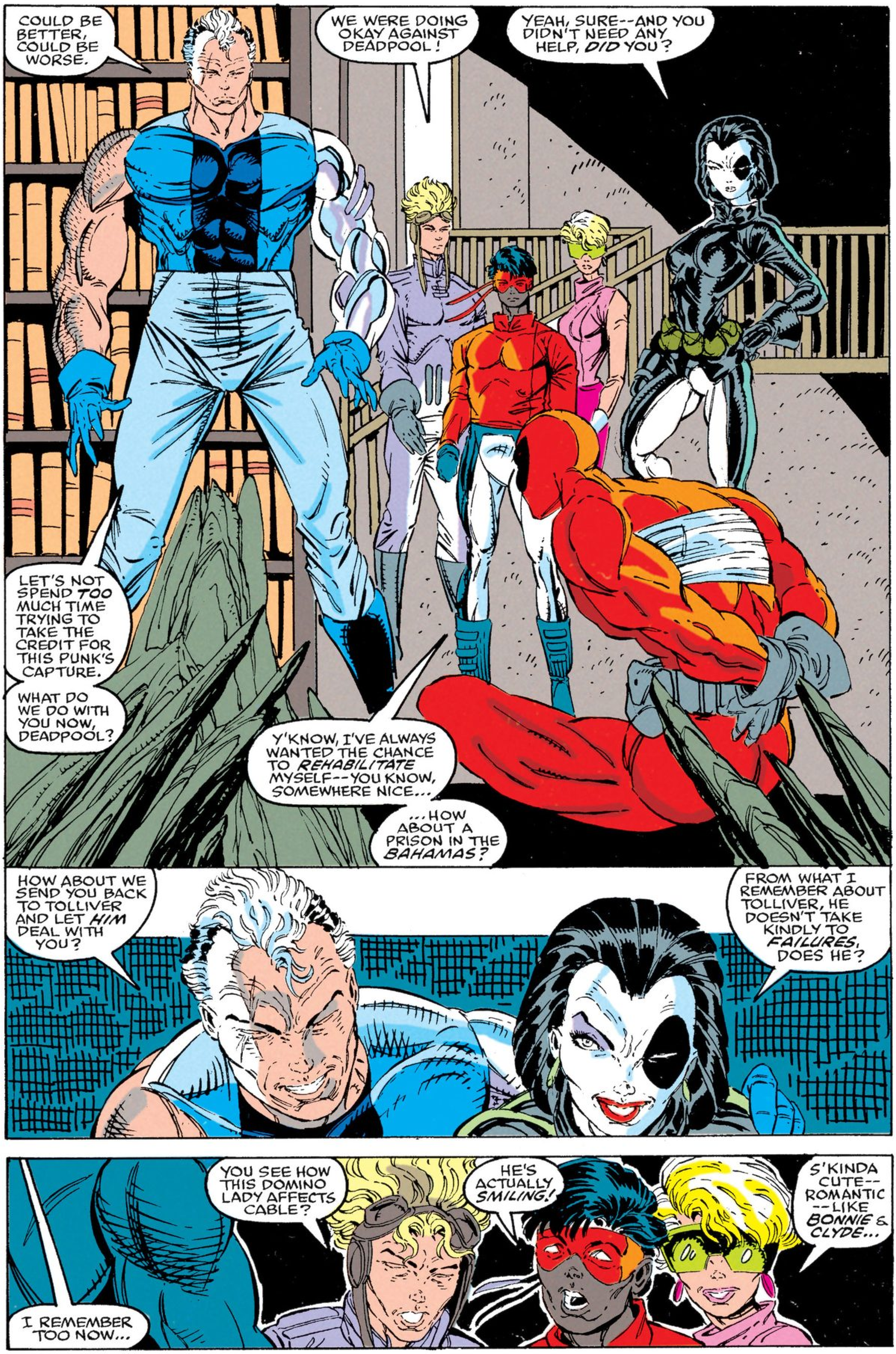

YUP, MR. TOLLIVER SAID YOU WERE A *COLD ONE* AND HE WAS RIGHT.
THAT'S NOT HOW *HE* SEES IT. HE BLAMES *YOU* FOR WHAT WENT DOWN.
AND HE'S PAYING THE BILLS, *SOOOO...*
MR. TOLLIVER SAYS A LOT OF THINGS.
THAT'S WHAT GOT HIM INTO TROUBLE TO BEGIN WITH.
ARRIVEDERCI, NATHAN--
ARGHH!
AH DID IT!
AH KEPT MY *BLAST FIELD* QUIET ENOUGH TO SNEAK UP ON 'IM!

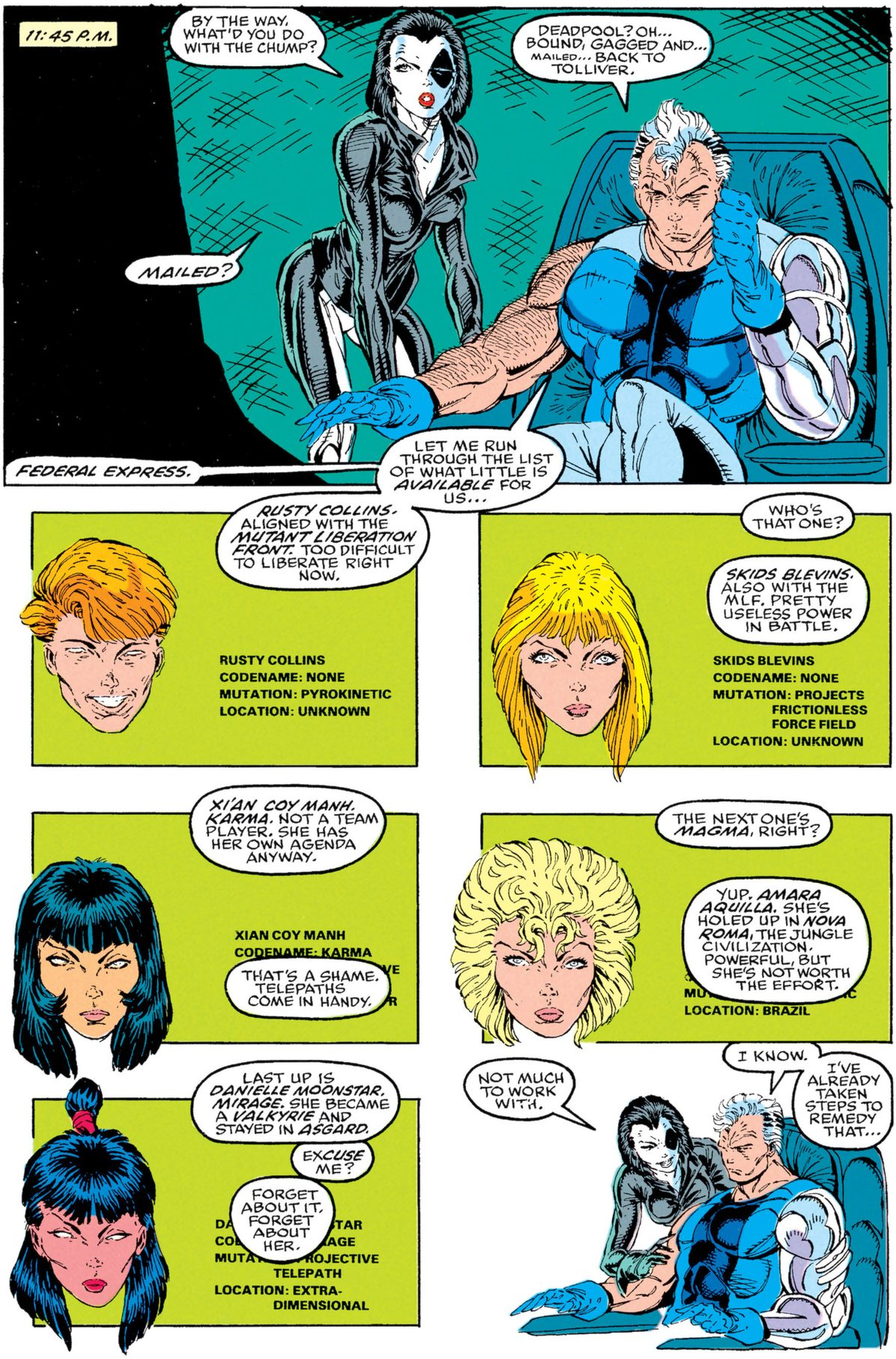

SO YOU DID, KID.
CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE TOO.
I HATE WHEN THAT HAPPENS.
AND A *NEURAL DISRUPTER NET* SHOULD PREVENT IT FROM HAPPENING AGAIN, RIGHT?
WHAT THE--?
IT'S GOIN' THROUGH MY FIELD!
KID'S GOT A REAL *KEEN* EYE FOR THE *OBVIOUS*.
AND YOU TALK TOO MUCH.
WHUMP
KRAK
CRUMP
OW
HMMM... MAYBE I DO.
THINK YOU BROKE MY JAW, NATHAN.

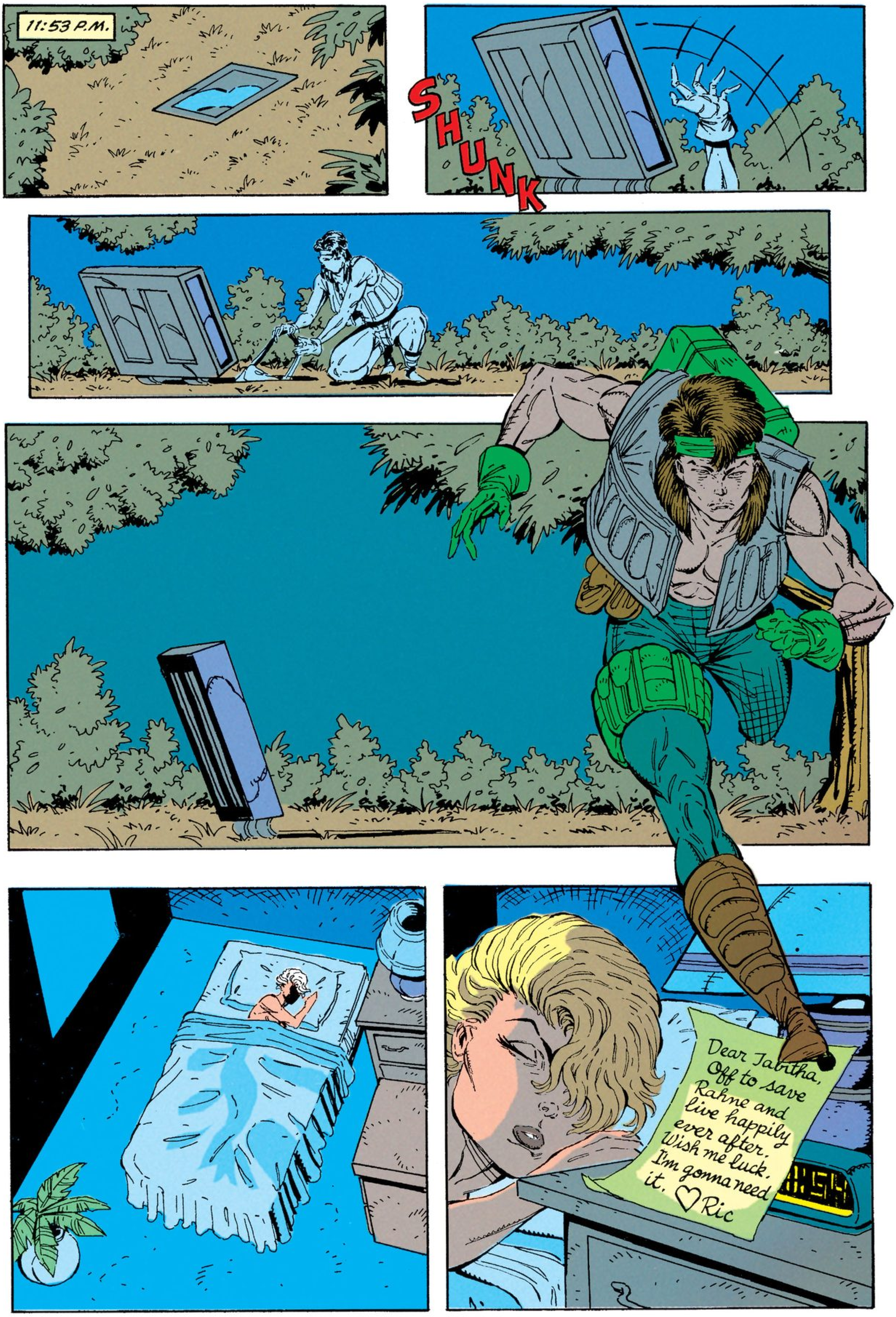

I HATE WHEN THAT HAPPENS, TOO!!
FWIIP
THUNK
GEEZ...I'M SORRY... THAT MUST'VE REALLY HURT.
LET ME PUT YOU OUT OF MY MISERY!
BRUMMMMM
WE'RE TIRED OF PEOPLE ATTACKING US! GIVE UP NOW OR START HURTING!
RICTOR-- SUNSPOT-- BOOM BOOM-- HMMM...
OKAY, OKAY-- LET ME THINK ABOUT IT...

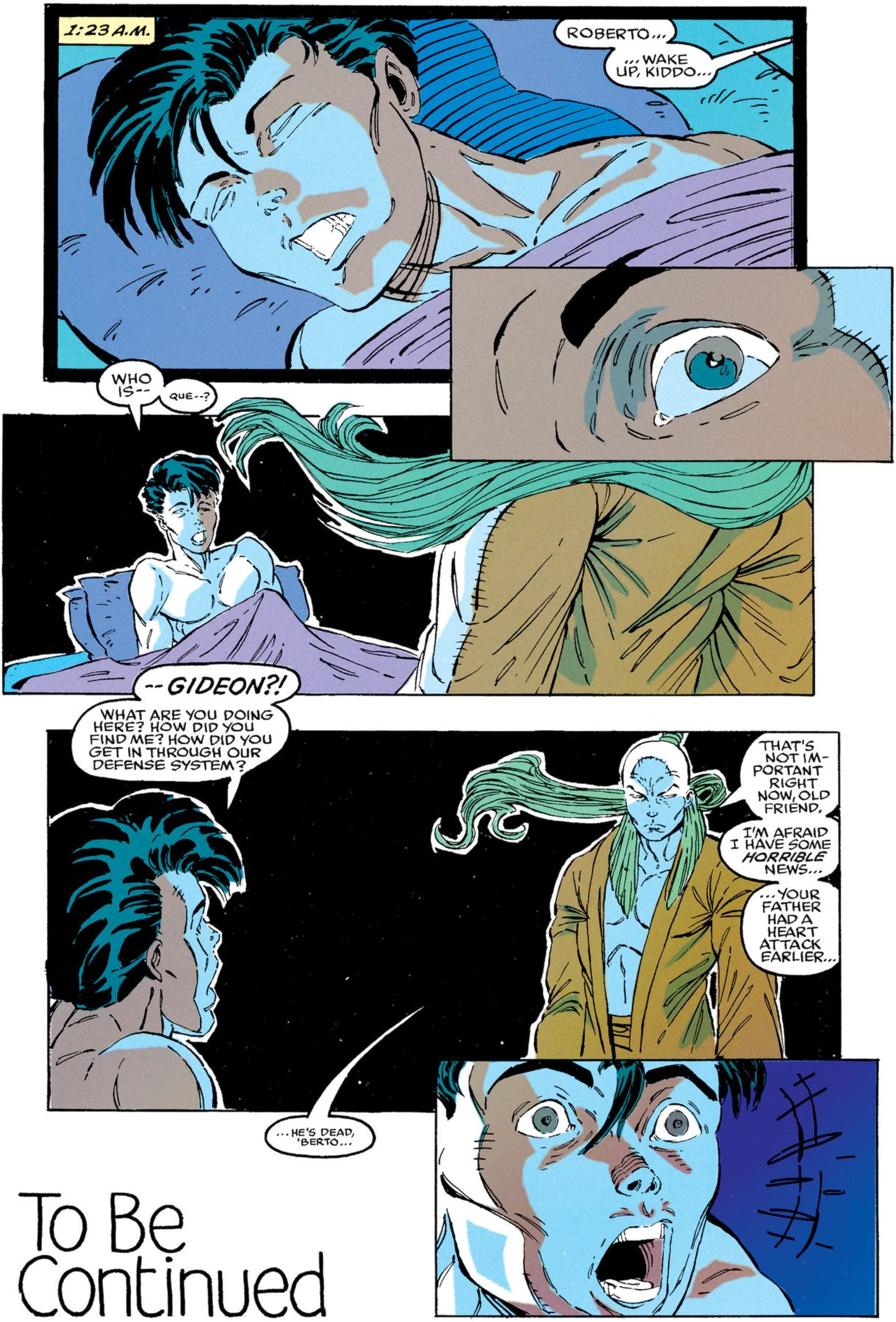

NAAAH!!
FWOOP FWOOP FWOOP FWOOP FWOOP
YOU'RE FIRST, RICTOR, 'CAUSE YOUR *VIBRATORY* POWERS ARE THE MOST UNPREDICTABLE, OKAY?
AH!
YEAH-- KEEP TRYING TO SHAKE THEM LOOSE.
THE MORE ENERGY YOU EXPEND, THE TIGHTER THEY'LL CONSTRICT.
WHAT CAN YOU DO TO STOP *US* THEN?
MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T BE ASKIN'?
SUNSPOT-- WAIT-- DON'T CHARGE IN LIKE A *BULL*!
BUT IT'S WHAT THE BOY *ALWAYS* DOES. THINKS *SUPER STRENGTH*'S ENOUGH. NO FINESSE. NO GRACE. NO--
--SUBTLETY--?
THUNK THUNK THUNK


I'M CONFUSED.
DIOS MIO! WHAT HAPPENED!
I HAPPENED.
HELLO, CABLE. YOU CALLED, I CAME.
AND JUST IN TIME, AS USUAL.
HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, *DOMINO*?
I'VE BEEN AROUND.
AND BACK AGAIN, IT SEEMS. HOW'S THIS NEW *BABYSITTING* BUSINESS OF YOURS GOING?


COULD BE BETTER, COULD BE WORSE.
WE WERE DOING OKAY AGAINST DEADPOOL!
YEAH, SURE--AND YOU DIDN'T NEED ANY HELP, *DID* YOU?
LET'S NOT SPEND *TOO* MUCH TIME TRYING TO TAKE THE CREDIT FOR THIS PUNK'S CAPTURE.
WHAT DO WE DO WITH YOU NOW, DEADPOOL?
Y'KNOW, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED THE CHANCE TO *REHABILITATE* MYSELF--YOU KNOW, SOMEWHERE NICE...
...HOW ABOUT A PRISON IN THE *BAHAMAS*?
HOW ABOUT WE SEND YOU BACK TO TOLLIVER AND LET *HIM* DEAL WITH YOU?
FROM WHAT I REMEMBER ABOUT TOLLIVER, HE DOESN'T TAKE KINDLY TO *FAILURES*, DOES HE?
I REMEMBER TOO NOW...
YOU SEE HOW THIS DOMINO LADY AFFECTS CABLE?
HE'S ACTUALLY *SMILING*!
S'KINDA CUTE--ROMANTIC--LIKE *BONNIE* & *CLYDE*...


11:45 P.M.
BY THE WAY, WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE CHUMP?
DEADPOOL? OH... BOUND, GAGGED AND... MAILED... BACK TO TOLLIVER.
MAILED?
FEDERAL EXPRESS.
LET ME RUN THROUGH THE LIST OF WHAT LITTLE IS AVAILABLE FOR US...
RUSTY COLLINS. ALIGNED WITH THE MUTANT LIBERATION FRONT. TOO DIFFICULT TO LIBERATE RIGHT NOW.
RUSTY COLLINS
CODENAME: NONE
MUTATION: PYROKINETIC
LOCATION: UNKNOWN
WHO'S THAT ONE?
SKIDS BLEVINS. ALSO WITH THE MLF. PRETTY USELESS POWER IN BATTLE.
SKIDS BLEVINS
CODENAME: NONE
MUTATION: PROJECTS FRICTIONLESS FORCE FIELD
LOCATION: UNKNOWN
XI'AN COY MANH. KARMA. NOT A TEAM PLAYER. SHE HAS HER OWN AGENDA ANYWAY.
XIAN COY MANH
CODENAME: KARMA
THAT'S A SHAME. TELEPATHS COME IN HANDY.
THE NEXT ONE'S MAGMA, RIGHT?
YUP. AMARA AQUILLA. SHE'S HOLED UP IN NOVA ROMA, THE JUNGLE CIVILIZATION. POWERFUL, BUT SHE'S NOT WORTH THE EFFORT.
LOCATION: BRAZIL
LAST UP IS DANIELLE MOONSTAR. MIRAGE. SHE BECAME A VALKYRIE AND STAYED IN ASGARD.
EXCUSE ME?
FORGET ABOUT IT. FORGET ABOUT HER.
TELEPATH
LOCATION: EXTRA-DIMENSIONAL
NOT MUCH TO WORK WITH.
I KNOW.
I'VE ALREADY TAKEN STEPS TO REMEDY THAT...


11:53 P.M.
SHUNK
Dear Jabitha, Off to save Rahne and live happily ever after. Wish me luck. I'm gonna need it. ♡ Ric
11:54


1:23 A.M.
ROBERTO... ...WAKE UP, KIDDO...
WHO IS--
QUE--?
--GIDEON?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HOW DID YOU FIND ME? HOW DID YOU GET IN THROUGH OUR DEFENSE SYSTEM?
THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW, OLD FRIEND.
I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME *HORRIBLE* NEWS...
...YOUR FATHER HAD A HEART ATTACK EARLIER...
...HE'S DEAD, 'BERTO...

To Be Continued